MIDNIGHT RUN

by
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Producer/Director: Martin Brest
Paramount Pictures
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The screen is BLACK. TRAFFIC HUMS on the SOUNDTRACK. MUSIC KICKS IN.

FADE IN:

The CREDIT SEQUENCE starts.

1 EXT. AVALON STREET - WATTS, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT 1

An Olds creeps slowly along the street. BAD ASSES loiter. Pass before the headlights. A fight is in progress out front of a topless bar. Punches are thrown. STRAGGLERS laugh at the mayhem.

2 EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT 2

This street is DEAD SILENT. The sidewalk is empty. A junkyard dog trots by on his nightly rounds. The Olds pulls into a spot at the curb. Tires CRACKLE over broken glass. The car engine DIES.

3 INT. OLDS - NIGHT 3

The driver taps a Camel cigarette. Raises it to his lips. Lights it with his Zippo. The flame reveals the face of JACK WALSH. Strong. Haggard. A killer stare. Pressure-cooker of a man. Always about to explode. The flame dances. Blue smoke swirls. The flame fades.

Walsh smokes his cigarette and stares at a four story slum across the street. He glances at his watch. It's an old and battered Timex. It's been with Walsh for many years.

He checks his .45. It's loaded. Slips it back into his shoulder holster. Opens the door. Gets out.

4 EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT 4

Walsh raises his collar against the Santa Ana wind and trots towards the slum.

5 INT. HALLWAY OF SLUM - NIGHT 5

Walsh enters. Eyes darting. Quietly moves up the first flight of stairs. The joint is SILENT.

6 INT. SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT 6

Walsh turns the corner and moves up the stairs of the second floor. Catches a liquor bottle with his foot. BOUNCE. CLANK. CRASH. Walsh grimaces. A dog BARKS from a first floor apartment. Cursing, Walsh moves for the third floor.

7 INT. THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT 7

Walsh hits the top step. Squints. Finds apartment 3-C. Approaches. Stops. Puts his ear to the door. Removes a lock pick. Crouches. Slips it in. Jiggles it quietly. Drops it. Walsh bends over to retrieve the lock pick, when SUDDENLY:

BLAMMM!!! A shotgun UNLOADS from the other side of the door. Wood chunks fly. A gaping hole appears in the door right where Walsh's head was a moment before. Walsh bounces on his ass. Curses. Gets up. Pulls out his .45. Doesn't need to open the door to see into the apartment. Twenty-two year old MONROE BOUCHET climbs out of his window into the night. Clanging down the fire escape. Walsh runs down the stairs.

8 INT. BOUCHET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 8

Walsh runs through the apartment to the window. Looks out. Sees Bouchet making his way up the fire escape. He goes out after him.

9 EXT. ROOF TOP - NIGHT 9

Bouchet makes his way up to the roof and starts running. The lights of downtown L.A. sparkle in the distance. Walsh hoists himself up to the roof, pursuing the fleeing Bouchet. Bouchet leaps from his building over to the next. Walsh, hot on his trail, does the same thing. Bouchet vaults over another alley to a third building. Ditto Walsh. Amazed that Walsh is still on his tail, Bouchet makes his most daring jump yet. He lands with a tumble, scoops up his shotgun and keeps moving. Without missing a beat, Walsh makes the leap and MISSES! He grabs at the ledge with his armpits. He slides slowly, grabbing for dear life as the old ledge cracks. It's a four story drop. Some debris falls away. Walsh manages to pull himself back onto the roof. Winded, he spots Bouchet going down a fire escape at the far end of the building. Walsh is up and after him.

10 EXT. BOUCHET'S BUILDING - NIGHT 10

As Walsh appears at the rooftop, Bouchet opens FIRE. Walsh ducks. Bouchet continues down the metal staircase. Walsh clangs down after him. Bouchet hits the ground and runs into an alley. Walsh drops to the concrete in pursuit. As he turns into the alley, Bouchet fires again. Garbage cans EXPLODE. HEADLIGHTS of a car turn into the far end of the alley, aiming at Bouchet. Bouchet tries to avoid the car. Can't. He gets sideswiped. Growls with pain when he lands. The car SKIDS to a stop. From it emerges MAX DORFLER. If Walsh is the "Avis" of bounty hunters, Dorfler is the "rent-a-wreck." He makes up for his deficiencies with force. He's loaded with dim, impulsive behavior. Walsh approaches. He and Dorfler lock eyes. They know each other well. Too well.

WALSH
What the hell are you doin', Dorfler?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONT'D 10

DORFLER
He's mine, Jack. Get lost.

WALSH
Fuck you, he's yours. He's mine. Nardone assigned this guy to me.

Dorfler places his foot on Bouchet's chest. Bouchet still MOANS.

DORFLER
Well, go straighten it out with Nardone. I'll collect the money.

WALSH
(closer)
Goddamn you, Dorfler. I nearly got killed tryin' to get him!

Dorfler WHIPS out a .45. Points it at Walsh.

DORFLER
Back off, Walsh. I said I'm takin' him.

Walsh stops. Smiles. Ear to ear.

WALSH
Maxie. Why are we fightin'? You and me are friends.

DORFLER
This clown's worth fifteen hundred, Jack. It's nothin' personal. Now get lost.

WALSH
Alright, alright.

Walsh backs off with his hands raised. Dorfler watches until Walsh hits Avalon. When Dorfler turns his back, Walsh breaks into a sprint around the corner. Dorfler yanks Bouchet to his feet.

BOUCHET
(still dazed)
What the fuck's goin' on? You guys ain't cops.

DORFLER
No, we're musicians. Get in the fuckin' car.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONT'D (2) 10

Dorfler drags Bouchet towards the car. What he doesn't see is that Walsh has snuck clear around the building and is approaching the car from the front, ducking behind the open driver's door. Dorfler pushes Bouchet inside the back door and slams it shut. Walsh quietly picks up an empty whiskey bottle. Gently tosses it behind the car. It CRASHES. Dorfler whips out his .45 and looks in the direction of the noise.

DORFLER
Is that you, Walsh?

WALSH
(sliding behind wheel)
No. I'm over here.

Walsh throws it into drive and SCREECHES out of the alley, leaving Dorfler in the dust.

11 EXT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL PARKING LOT - NIGHT 11

Walsh drives down the street, slowing Dorfler's car outside of the L.A. County Jail parking lot. He pulls in. Part way.

12 INT. DORFLER'S CAR - NIGHT 12

Bouchet looks at Walsh.

WALSH
Open your door.

Bouchet, confused, opens the car door. Walsh does the same with his car door. Then he BACKS UP quickly.

13 EXT. L.A. COUNTY JAIL PARKING LOT - NIGHT 13

Both doors are RIPPED off the car by the two pillars at the entrance. Then, Walsh swings Dorfler's car into the parking lot through the exit. The tires EXPLODE as Walsh proceeds the wrong way over the metal teeth that block incoming traffic. Walsh keeps moving and SLAMS into a brick wall, CRUNCHING the front end. Then Walsh puts it in reverse and ROARS into the parking spot he targets, CRUNCHING the rear end of the car against another brick wall.

14 INT. DORFLER'S CAR - NIGHT 14

Walsh looks at Bouchet

WALSH
We get out here.

15 INT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT 15

A few PRISONERS mill about with their lawyers. A JANITOR mops the floor. Handcuffed to Walsh, Bouchet almost starts to cry.

BOUCHET
All I did was come home and he was sleepin' with my old lady. And I shot him. Then I heard on the T.V. that the dude was "lucid." I didn't do that to him. I swear.

Walsh looks at Bouchet. Feels sorry for him.

WALSH
"Lucid" means he was coherent. Makin' sense when he talked.

BOUCHET
Shit. He wasn't "lucid" before I shot him.

Behind the window, a cop named GOOCH.

WALSH
Hey, Gooch, I've got a delivery.
(sliding papers)
Monroe Bouchet.

GOOCH
Give you any trouble?

WALSH
Nah, he was real cooperative. A regular charm.

Bouchet thanks Walsh with his eyes as a GUARD takes him away. Gooch hands Walsh a booking slip.

WALSH
Take care of yourself, Monroe.

BOUCHET
You too.

16 EXT. VIGNES STREET - DAWN 16

Walsh leaves the L.A. County Jail. The street glows with early blue of dawn. Across the way, there's a carnival of bail bond offices. All with lights. Inviting signs. Walsh heads for the sideshow.

17 INT. JOE NARDONE'S BAIL BOND OFFICE - DAWN 17

Second floor. Huge glass doors. Three desks. Fourteen tons of paper. A thirty year old weasel of an assistant, JERRY GEISLER, reads a newspaper. He sucks toothpicks for a living. Walsh enters.

WALSH
Is Nardone in? I just dropped off Bouchet.

JERRY
You finally caught somebody, Jack?

WALSH
Jerry, is he in?

Jerry flips through the L.A. Times.

JERRY
It says here that eleven percent of people, in the course of dreaming, are aware of that fact while they're in the dream state.

Walsh has no patience for Jerry.

WALSH
Where is he, Jerry?

JERRY
That ever happen to you, Jack?

JOE NARDONE exits his cubicle. He's a man on edge at all times. Juggling cash and clients and a thousand lies at once. He is slipping into a cheap sports jacket.

NARDONE
Hey, Jerry, this ain't a library.

Walsh hands Nardone the booking slip. He glances at it.

NARDONE
Bouchet was twelve hundred, right?

WALSH
No, fifteen.

NARDONE
Oh, yeah, right. I was just going over to Denny's to catch the "grand slam breakfast." They start serving at six-thirty.

WALSH
Do you have my fifteen hundred?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONT'D 17

NARDONE
Of course. Did you think I was gonna stiff you?

WALSH
You? Never.

NARDONE
Jack, you really are the best at what you do. Let me buy you some breakfast.

WALSH
I don't eat breakfast.

NARDONE
Then have an early lunch. Hey, Jerry. Watch the phones.

18 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - EARLY MORNING 18

Walsh and Nardone move down the street, heading for Denny's.

WALSH
You'll never guess who I ran into while I was taking in Mr. Bouchet.

NARDONE
Who's that?

WALSH
Max Dorfler.

NARDONE
No. Funny how that guy keeps poppin' up.

WALSH
Hysterical.

NARDONE
Jack, I'm not gonna bullshit you. I got a little problem right now.

WALSH
Hey, can we stop and buy a copy of Playboy, because when I'm being jerked off, I like to look at something.

NARDONE
What are you talkin' about?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONT'D 18

WALSH
I've been through this. You're about to tell me you don't have my fifteen hundred.

NARDONE
Jack, I've got something better than fifteen hundred.

19 INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - MORNING 19

A typical Denny's interior. Walsh and Nardone sit at a table. Walsh sips coffee and watches Nardone wolf down his "grand slam breakfast."

NARDONE
Do you know who Jonathan Mardukas is?

WALSH
The Duke? Yeah, I know who he is.

NARDONE
What do you know?

Walsh taps a Camel. Lights it.

WALSH
He's that accountant that embezzled a couple million from some Vegas wise guy and gave it to charity.

NARDONE
That's pretty good only, it wasn't a "couple of million" it was fifteen million and it wasn't just "some Vegas wise guy," it was Jimmy Florio.

WALSH
Yeah, I can read a newspaper.

NARDONE
Well, I don't want to bring up the past, but isn't Florio the guy that ran you out of Chicago when he was running things there years back?

Walsh tenses up.

WALSH
He didn't run me out.

NARDONE
Sure. You left being a cop to do this shit.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONT'D 19

WALSH
What's the point?

NARDONE
The point, Jack, is twenty-five thousand bucks. I bailed the accountant out. Only, I didn't know who he was at the time. If I knew, I never would of put up the bond. I mean it would only be a matter of time before Florio vanished him from the planet and I'm out my four hundred and fifty grand.

WALSH
You're out four hundred and fifty grand on this guy?

NARDONE
No.

WALSH
No?

NARDONE
No. Because I've got you. And you're gonna go find him and bring him back.

WALSH
Right. How do you even know he's still alive?

NARDONE
Because he sends Jimmy Florio postcards from everywhere, telling him what a great time he's having with his money.

Walsh can't help but smile.

WALSH
How much time you have left?

NARDONE
(sick, again)
Friday midnight I default and have to eat the four-fifty.

WALSH
That's five days. Forget it. You go find him.

NARDONE
Jack, hear me out. I'll give you fifty thousand. I'm in jam city.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONT'D (2) 19

WALSH
I've got to chase you down just to collect fifteen hundred. No dice.

NARDONE
Jack...

WALSH
Jack, nothin'. What else have you got?

NARDONE
If you don't get this guy, I might be out of business. I can't absorb this kind of loss.

WALSH
I'll do it for a hundred grand.

NARDONE
A hundred grand! Are you out of your mind? Jack, this is an easy gig. It's a midnight run, for Christ sakes.

Walsh gets up.

NARDONE
C'mon Jack, sit down.

WALSH
If you want me for a job this big, you pay me what's right. Maybe you haven't noticed but I'm tired of getting shot at.

NARDONE
This guy's an accountant! He's not going to shoot you. Just put a bag over his head, hit him with a rubber hose and stick him on an airplane.

WALSH
I'll do it for a hundred grand and then I'm out of this business forever. And I want a contract. I want it in writing. A hundred grand, and I'll have the Duke here by Friday night.

Walsh sees that Nardone is about to give in.

WALSH
Now, do you think I could have my fifteen hundred?

Nardone starts reaching for his pocket.

20 INT. RAMPART DIVISION HEADQUARTERS - DAY 20

Walsh moves through the homicide division with DETECTIVE DAVE HAMMOND. Other DETECTIVES sit at their desks. Phones RING. The joint is JUMPING as usual.

HAMMOND
I was just saying to myself that this has been the worst day in memory. All I need is Jack Walsh to appear, and look what blows in.

WALSH
Dave, look, I need a favor.

HAMMOND
What do you need? A case of Jack Daniels?

WALSH
The booking slip for a guy named Jonathan Mardukas.

HAMMOND
I'll get you a copy.

WALSH
No, Dave. I need to see the original.

HAMMOND
Copies were good enough for the FBI.

WALSH
They're looking for him, too?

HAMMOND
The guy's wanted in seven states.

21 INT. FILE DEPARTMENT - DAY 21

A dark cavern filled with file cabinets. Hammond pulls the police booking slip and hands it to Walsh. Walsh glances at the front. He crosses his fingers, takes a hopeful breath and turns it over. Scribbled on the back is a telephone number with a 212 area code. Walsh smiles.

HAMMOND
What did you find?

WALSH
The number Mardukas called after he was arrested.

Walsh starts to copy it down.

WALSH
Two-one-two. Looks like I'm going to New York.

22 EXT. BEVERLY BOULEVARD - DAY 22

Walsh exits Rampart Division Police Station. A very large black man with steel-rimmed sunglasses, dressed in a sharply pressed navy blue suit stands alongside a car. His name is ALONZO MOSELY. As Walsh walks down the street, Mosely blocks his way. They lock eyes.

WALSH
Excuse me.

MOSELY
Are you Jack Walsh?

Walsh senses trouble.

WALSH
Do I know you?
(a beat)
Oh, wait. Didn't I take your cousin in?

MOSELY
I don't think so. My cousin's a gynecologist.

WALSH
I get nervous when a gynecologist can palm a basketball.

Mosely starts to reach for his identification. Before he can get it out, Walsh starts to walk. Mosely moves to block him.

WALSH
Hey, get the fuck outta my way.

Walsh shoves Mosely back. A SCUFFLE ensues. SUDDENLY from out of nowhere, three men in suits appear. They surround Walsh. Shove him through the crowds and into a green Plymouth.

23 INT. PLYMOUTH - DAY 23

One of the men slides in behind the wheel. Mosely gets in the front. Walsh is wedged in the back seat between two men. Each of them wears sunglasses. Walsh sits in the silence as the four men stare him down through their dark green lenses.

MOSELY
Inspector Mosely, Federal Bureau of Investigation.

WALSH
I figured that part out already.

No response. The other men are AGENTS PERRY, TUTTLE, and PLUMIDES.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONT'D 23

MOSELY
Are you working on anything having to do with Jonathan Mardukas?

WALSH
Who's that?

MOSELY
The Duke.

WALSH
Never heard of him.

MOSELY
I think you have heard of him.

Walsh slowly reaches into his breast pocket and puts on his own sunglasses. He smiles back at the group and then Mosely. Now everyone's wearing sunglasses.

MOSELY
Let me tell you something, asshole. I've been working six years trying to bring down Jimmy Florio and Mardukas is my shot. I want to take him into Federal Court.

Without missing a beat, Mosely reaches over and whips off Walsh's sunglasses.

MOSELY
So I don't want to see some third rate rent-a-thug who couldn't cut it as a cop in Chicago bring him into L.A. for some bullshit local charge. Do I make myself understood?

WALSH
Let me ask you somethin'. Those sunglasses. Are those government issued or do all you guys go to the same store to get them?

MOSELY
You can go now.

Plumides opens the door.

WALSH
Have a nice day.

24 EXT. BEVERLY BOULEVARD - DAY 24

Walsh gets out. Plumides shuts the door. The car STARTS up.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONT'D 24

WALSH
Do you think I could have my sunglasses back?

As the car begins to ROAR off, Mosely tosses Walsh's sunglasses out. Walsh catches them. He watches the car disappear. Then he turns. Squints. Spots a wallet on the sidewalk. Picks it up and opens it. It's Mosely's FBI identification. Walsh smiles.

25 INT. 747 - NIGHT 25

Walsh hums a tune while he inserts his photo over Mosely's FBI identification. A CHILD sits next to him watching. Walsh smiles at the kid and then flashes his badge.

WALSH
Mosely, FBI.

The kid looks scared.

WALSH
Just kidding.

26 EXT. RUNWAY J.F.K. AIRPORT, NEW YORK - MORNING 26

The 747 THUNDERS down in the rain.

27 INT. J.F.K. AIRPORT TERMINAL - MORNING 27

Long faces march off the red-eye. Walsh moves with purpose over to a pay phone. Looks through his black book. Dials.

WALSH
(on phone)
Harold Longman, please.
(a beat)
Harry. Jack Walsh. Did ya get me that address check on that phone number?
(starts scribbling)
I've got it. Thanks Harry. Say hello to Julie for me.

Walsh hangs up.

28 INT. AIRPORT CAR RENTAL OFFICE - MORNING 28

Walsh completes filling out a rental form and hands it over to an EMPLOYEE. TONY DARUVO. Large. Somewhere between muscular and overweight approaches with JOEY RIBUFFO. Tall and thin, a New York Post under his arm.

TONY
You Jack Walsh?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONT'D 28

WALSH
Who wants to know?

JOEY
That's a yes.

Joey's got a staring problem. He can't take his eyes off of Walsh's coat.

TONY
We'd really like to have a word with you.

WALSH
What about?

JOEY
It involves big cash and lots of prizes.

Walsh lights a Camel. Joey stares at that too.

TONY
I'll make it short and sweet. The people I work for are very interested in your visit, here.

WALSH
Oh yeah? Who are the people you work for?

TONY
An old friend of yours from the Chicago days.

Walsh turns, locks eyes with Joey's stare.

WALSH
How are ya?

TONY
You're here for the Duke. You think he's in New York. We think you're right.

JOEY
Where'd you get that coat? Is that a London Fog?

WALSH
What the hell are you talkin' about?

28 CONT'D (2) 28

TONY
Never mind him.
(beat)
The way I hear it, you didn't cooperate with my boss a few years back.

Walsh takes a thoughtful drag on his Camel. Thinks. Joey's attention shifts to Walsh's cigarette.

JOEY
You smoke Camels?
(a beat, smiling)
I smoke Kools.

The importance of this statement is known to only Joey. A poker-faced Walsh looks at him uncomprehendingly.

TONY
My boss would pay you a hell of a lot more for the Duke than that putz bail bondsman in L.A..

WALSH
How much more?

TONY
How about a one with six zeros?

Walsh feels the heat of Joey's stare. Walsh turns.

WALSH
Are you gonna propose?

JOEY
Propose?

WALSH
Cause if you ain't, quit fuckin' starin' at me.

TONY
Yeah, Joey. Back off for Christ sakes.

Joey steps back. The Employee reappears with the contract and keys.

EMPLOYEE
Here are your keys, sir. Just exit through the glass doors. The parking lot is to your left.

Walsh takes the keys. Tony has scribbled down the number on the back of a card. He puts it in Walsh's pocket.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONT'D (3) 28

TONY
Ask for Tony Daruvo. That's me. They'll put you through to wherever I am.
(beat)
Be good to yourself, this time.

Walsh heads out through the glass doors.

29 EXT. QUEENS STREET - DAY 29

Walsh cruises along in his rented Pontiac approaching the bridge leading into Manhattan.

30 INT. WALSH'S CAR - DAY 30

As he drives, he suddenly notices that he's being tailed by Tony and Joey in a Lincoln. After a few moments of thinking, he GUNS the car hard.

31 EXT. QUEENS STREET - DAY 31

Walsh gets the jump on Tony and Joey. They TEAR off in pursuit.

32 INT. LINCOLN - DAY 32

As Tony and Joey try to keep up with him. Several trucks impair their view. Walsh disappears around a corner.

JOEY
I think he's onto us.

TONY
Figured that out, did ya?

33 EXT. QUEENS PONTIAC DEALERSHIP - DAY 33

Tony and Joey cruise by the dozens of parked Pontiacs. When they are out of sight, one of them starts up and moves off in the opposite direction with Walsh behind the wheel.

34 INT. WALSH'S CAR - DAY 34

Walsh grins as he watches the Lincoln disappear in his rearview mirror.

35 EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE STREET - DAY 35

The CAMERA FOLLOWS a wire from a telephone junction box, mounted on the side of a brownstone. It leads into the passenger window of Walsh's car where it is attached to a small cassette recorder. A taxi rounds the corner and pulls up to the brownstone that Walsh is staking.

36 INT. WALSH'S CAR - DAY 36

Walsh licks his fingers. Finishing off his lunch of jelly donuts. He eyeballs the older couple that exits the cab. They enter the brownstone. Walsh hits the "record" button on the recorder and gets out of his car.

37 EXT. UPPER WESTSIDE STREET - DAY 37

He trots up to a phone booth on the corner and dials.

WALSH
(into phone)
Mrs. Nelson?

MRS. NELSON (V.O.)
Yes?

WALSH
Alonzo Mosely, FBI. How are you this afternoon?

No response.

WALSH
Let me get right to the point, if I may, Mrs. Nelson. An agent in our Los Angeles office discovered a detail that somehow was overlooked until now. It seems that when Jonathan Mardukas was arrested, you were the first person he called. Isn't that correct, Mrs. Nelson?

Still no response.

WALSH
Are you there, Mrs. Nelson?

MRS. NELSON (V.O.)
(weakly)
Yes.

WALSH
Needless to say, this is a matter of great concern to us. If it wouldn't be too much trouble, I would like you to come down to 26 Federal Plaza tomorrow at nine o'clock and ask for Agent Mosely. Do you think you could do that, please?

MRS. NELSON (V.O.)
(scared)
I suppose so.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONT'D 37

WALSH
Thank you for your cooperation. Good afternoon, Mrs. Nelson.

He hangs up and runs back to the his car.

38 INT. WALSH'S CAR - DAY 38

As he gets in, he hears TOUCH-TONE BEEPS through the cassette recorder's speaker. Mrs. Nelson is making a call. Walsh has tapped the line.

MRS. NELSON (V.O.)
Dana? Helen. The FBI just called. They want to speak to me about Jonathan.

Walsh LISTENS. Then he HEARS a male voice. It's THE DUKE, himself. Walsh hangs on every word.

THE DUKE (V.O.)
Helen? What's going on?

MRS. NELSON (V.O.)
Jonathan, the FBI just called. They know we spoke the night you were arrested.

THE DUKE (V.O.)
Hang up the phone, Helen. Right now!

CLICK. DIAL TONE. Walsh hits the rewind on the cassette recorder. Replays the touch-tone beeps. Smiling, he GUNS the car away.

39 EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS STREET - NIGHT 39

Manhattan looms across the East River. As Walsh's car glides down the street, he notices a Woman placing a suitcase in the trunk of a car. She heads back into her house, leaving the door ajar. Walsh checks the address of the house. Stops. Gets out. Sneaks towards the front porch.

40 EXT. MARDUKAS HOME - NIGHT 40

Walsh stops at the front door. Removes his .45. Listens. He pushes his way inside quietly.

41 INT. MARDUKAS HOME - NIGHT 41

Downstairs is dark. Walsh creeps across the living room. HEARS MOVEMENT going on upstairs. Walsh inches for the stairs, moving up them SILENTLY. Walsh is not alone. A pair of eyes watch him. A shadow moves across the wall. A huge German Shepherd follows him across the living room floor.

42 INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT 42

Walsh craftily moves up the steps with his back to the wall. Walsh may be stalking the Duke, but the huge Shepherd is stalking Walsh as well. Walsh disappears around the corner to the upstairs hall. The Shepherd follows its prey.

43 INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT 43

.45 at the ready, Walsh approaches the bedroom. Walsh is beginning to sweat. About to make his move. He turns. Locks eyes with the shepherd. Walsh's eyes bulge. The Shepherd bares its teeth. Begins a low guttural GROWL. Walsh tries to stand his ground with an intimidating stare, but this is one contest that he won't win. He reaches for the door knob behind him. Opens it. Bolts inside. The Shepherd lunges against the closing door barking wildly. JONATHAN MARDUKAS, the Duke, appears from the bedroom. DANA MARDUKAS, his wife, follows. The Duke appears almost bookish. Yet, there is a enigmatic quality about him. A man with many facets which are not apparent at first glance.

THE DUKE
What is it, Heidi?

Heidi throws herself at the bathroom door.

DANA
What is it, John.

THE DUKE
I don't know.

He reaches for the bathroom door. Opens it. Heidi bolts inside.

44 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 44

It's instantaneous. The Duke and Dana enter. Heidi throws herself against the glass enclosed shower door. Walsh is on the other side. His FBI badge plastered against the glass door with one hand. The .45 pointed against the glass with the other.

WALSH
(screaming)
Alonzo Mosely, FBI! Get that fuckin' dog outta here!

The Duke hesitates.

WALSH
Don't move! I'll drop you right through the fuckin' glass!

(CONTINUED)

44 CONT'D 44

THE DUKE
(to Dana)
Do what he says. Get her out of here.

Dana grabs the BARKING dog. Drags her out of the bathroom. Walsh steps out of the shower. The Duke has his hands up.

WALSH
You're the Duke?

THE DUKE
That's right.

Walsh cuffs him.

45 EXT. MARDUKAS HOME - NIGHT 45

Walsh leads the Duke to the Pontiac. Dana follows along side, panicked. Heidi BARKS from inside the house.

DANA
John. What do I do?

THE DUKE
Don't do anything, sweetheart, I'll be alright.

WALSH
Yeah. He'll be fine.

Walsh shoves the Duke into the car.

WALSH
Nice watch dog.

THE DUKE
For five hundred dollars she should have taken your head off.

Walsh climbs behind the wheel, swings a mad U-turn and tears away.

46 INT. WALSH'S CAR - NIGHT 46

They speed through the night.

THE DUKE
Congratulations.

WALSH
For what?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONT'D 46

THE DUKE
You just did what no one else could do. You found me.

WALSH
You got that right.

47 EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT 47

Walsh GUNS the car onto the expressway, heading for J.F.K. Airport.

48 INT. WALSH'S CAR - NIGHT 48

The Duke looks behind him. Manhattan is in the distance. He turns. Airport signs are up ahead.

THE DUKE
You're taking me to the airport, aren't you?

No answer. The Duke looks around the car with apprehension.

THE DUKE
You don't seem like a FBI agent to me.

WALSH
Well, you don't seem much like a "Duke" to me either.

THE DUKE
If you're a FBI agent, why don't you just take me to the FBI office?

WALSH
If you don't be quiet, this is gonna be the worst trip of your fuckin' life.

THE DUKE
You work for Jimmy Florio, don't you?

WALSH
No, I don't work for that piece of shit. Your bail bondsman hired me to bring you back to L.A.

THE DUKE
I've got money, you know.

WALSH
I'm sure you do.

THE DUKE
I'll give you whatever you want.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONT'D 48

WALSH
Start by shuttin' up.

Walsh slows the car as he takes an exit ramp. The Duke sizes up his situation. As Walsh turns the car to blend into the traffic of a busy street, the Duke opens the door and tries to jump. Walsh grimaces and reaches for him.

49 EXT. LONG ISLAND STREET - NIGHT 49

As Walsh tries to pull the Duke back inside, he almost loses control of the car. Nearby cars screech away to avoid him. Horns BLARE. Swerving hard, he just misses an eighteen wheeler.

50 INT. WALSH'S CAR - NIGHT 50

Walsh yanks the Duke back inside, slams the door and forces him to the floor. Cocks his .45 and levels it in the Duke's face.

WALSH
It is truly in your best interest for you to just fuckin' relax.

THE DUKE
I'm relaxed. I'm totally relaxed.

51 EXT. AMERICAN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT 51

Walsh pulls up and SLAMS the brakes. They both get out. Walsh puts his .45 into his bag.

WALSH
I can't keep you cuffed on a commercial flight and I gotta check my gun in with the luggage. But, fuck with me once, and I'll break your neck.

THE DUKE
I can't fly.

WALSH
What?

THE DUKE
You heard me. I can't fly.

WALSH
You're gonna have to do better than that.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONT'D 51

THE DUKE
I don't have to do better than that because that's the truth. I can't fly. I suffer from aziophobia.

WALSH
What does that mean?

THE DUKE
It means I can't fly. I also suffer from acrophobia and claustrophobia.

Walsh takes him firmly by the arm.

WALSH
When we get to L.A. you can tell the prison psychiatrist all about it.

52 INT. AMERICAN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT 52

A row of pay phones. Walsh is on the phone. The Duke is cuffed to him. Walsh jabs a bunch of numbers.

WALSH
(on phone)
Jerry, give me Nardone.

JERRY (V.O.)
Hold on.

INTERCUT WALSH AND NARDONE

Nardone picks up the phone. Jerry quietly listens in on the extension.

NARDONE
Jack...

WALSH
I got him.

NARDONE
Got who?

WALSH
The Duke. He's standing right here.

NARDONE
You got him? Already?

WALSH
You wanna say hello?

Walsh yanks the Duke to the phone. Forces it to his face.

52 CONT'D 52

WALSH
Say hello to your bail bondsman, Joe Nardone.

THE DUKE
(flatly)
Hello.

Walsh yanks the phone back.

WALSH
There you go. Jonathan Mardukas in the flesh.

NARDONE
Where are you now?

53 EXT. VIGNES STREET - NIGHT 53

DEAD QUIET. The street is empty except for a van parked up the street from Nardone's.

WALSH (V.O)
I found him in New York. We're at J.F.K.

54 INT. VAN - NIGHT 54

TWO FEDERAL AGENTS have tapped into Nardone's phone lines. Both wear headphones. The van is filled with cables. Meters. Phone tapping equipment.

WALSH (V.O.)
We're comin' in on Flight 97. American Airlines. We'll be there at eleven, your time.

Agent One scribbles down the information.

55 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 55

NARDONE
I love you, Jack, goddamnit! I really do!

WALSH
See ya soon.

Nardone hangs up. Races out of his cubicle. Something is afoot with Jerry. He hangs up slowly.

NARDONE
Walsh picked up the Duke!

(CONTINUED)

55 CONT'D 55

JERRY
No kidding. That's great, Joe. Let's celebrate. Do you want some donuts?

NARDONE
Yeah. Run down to Winchell's and get a dozen. And get me a few of those apple fritters.

JERRY
You got it, Joe.

Jerry grabs his jacket and moves out the door.

56 EXT. VIGNES STREET - NIGHT 56

Jerry zips up his jacket. Moves quickly towards the pay phone at the corner. Passes right by the FBI van.

57 ANGLE ON PHONE BOOTH 57

Jerry grabs the receiver. Dials.

JERRY
(into phone)
Hello. This is Jerry Geisler. Can you put me through to Tony Daruvo.

58 INT. BROOKLYN STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT 58

Joey eats his dinner in the background. Still chewing his steak, Tony approaches the phone. He picks up the receiver.

TONY
Yeah.

INTERCUT TONY AND JERRY

JERRY
Tony, this is Jerry Geisler. How are you?

TONY
(still chewing)
I'm eating dinner.

JERRY
I'm sorry to bother you, but Walsh found the Duke and he's bringing him in on American Airlines, Flight 97. They'll be at L.A.X. at eleven o'clock. Don't forget me, huh?

59 INT. STARLIGHT CASINO, LAS VEGAS - NIGHT 59

PHIL, a pit boss, moves through the crowds and approaches the high-roller crap table. A man, who exudes importance, has his back to us. He's laughing with a group of V.I.P. gamblers. Phil taps the man on the shoulder, who turns. It is JIMMY FLORIO. Two thousand dollar suit. You can take Jimmy out of the streets, but you can't take the streets out of Jimmy.

PHIL
Mr. Florio?

Florio turns. Phil leans in. WHISPERS.

PHIL
Daruvo called. Your friends are going to be flying into L.A. at eleven o'clock.

Florio excuses himself from the group.

60 INT. L.A. FBI OFFICE - NIGHT 60

A long hallway. Mosely strides with determination. Steel-rimmed sunglasses hanging from his breast pocket. In his wake, Perry, Tuttle and Plumides struggle to keep up. Tuttle just has to ask.

TUTTLE
How did Walsh find him so fast?

Plumides winces and gestures to Tuttle to keep quiet before further enraging Mosely. They all move for the door.

61 INT. 747 - NIGHT 61

Walsh and the Duke enter the first class section. Walsh smiles, already spending his money. They are directed to their seats. Walsh eases back in his spacious seat. Stretching out, he takes full advantage of the leg room. The Duke, of course, sits next to him, looking nervous.

WALSH
First class is nice. I could make a habit out of this. America. What a country? Huh?

The STEWARDESS approaches.

STEWARDESS
Good evening, gentlemen.

WALSH
Good evening to you.

She hands them menus.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONT'D 61

STEWARDESS
Would you gentlemen like something to drink once we're in the air?

WALSH
We'd like your best champagne.

She leaves. Walsh enthusiastically studies the menu.

WALSH
(to the Duke)
I'm gonna have the steak. How about you, John?

THE DUKE
I'm not hungry.

WALSH
Well then, get the lobster so I can get a little surf and turf action goin'.

Walsh happily straps himself in. The Duke is not doing well. Walsh straps the Duke in.

62 EXT. 747 - NIGHT 62

The jet pulls away from the jetway.

63 INT. 747 - NIGHT 63

The Duke is sweating.

WALSH
Enjoy the ride.

THE DUKE
I'm not going to make it.

The Duke grabs the STEWARDESS. Unstraps himself.

THE DUKE
I can't go through with this.

STEWARDESS
Sir, you'll have to sit down. We're taxiing.

The ENGINES increase. ROAR. People turn. Start watching the unfolding scene.

THE DUKE
I will not sit down! This is MY LIFE!

63 CONT'D 63

Walsh gets up. Tries to calm the situation down.

WALSH
Stewardess, relax. This man's my prisoner and I'm taking him back to Los Angeles.

The Duke regresses. Sounds more and more like a child.

THE DUKE
I'm getting claustrophobic. I can't take it. I've got this recurring nightmare, where I feel as if I'm losing control. And this feels the same way.

WALSH
You're right. You're not in control. I'm in control. Now sit down!

THE DUKE
(to Stewardess)
How long is this flight?

STEWARDESS
We should be in Los Angeles in just over five hours.

THE DUKE
(losing it)
"Should?" "Should" be in Los Angeles? That means you're not sure! If you were sure, you'd say we'd be in Los Angeles in just over five hours.

The Stewardess backs away from the situation and moves up the aisle. She enters the cockpit.

WALSH
(grabbing the Duke)
Alright. Enough. Now sit down!

THE DUKE
(having a tantrum)
I'm in a casket and they've buried me alive! I'm in a casket and they've buried me alive! I can't get out! I can't get out! I can't breathe!

The Duke breaks free. Turns.

THE DUKE
You can't do it. You can't make me fly. I'll go back to Los Angeles with you, but you can't make me fly!

64 EXT. 747 - NIGHT 64

The ENGINES DIE. The plane stops.

65 INT. 747 - NIGHT 65

The CAPTAIN appears from the cockpit moving down the aisle.

CAPTAIN
Alright, everyone. Just calm down.

WALSH
(flashing badge)
Alonzo Mosely, FBI.

CAPTAIN
You can't take a prisoner aboard an airplane if he doesn't want to fly. You should know that.

WALSH
I do. I'm sorry. I thought he was bluffing. Let's forget the whole thing.

CAPTAIN
I suggest you find some other mode of transportation.

Walsh nods. Closes his eyes. Hates what's coming next.

66 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT 66

The P.A. system echoes forth departure times. COMMUTERS run for trains. Some BUMS hang out at a newstand while others sleep on benches. Walsh strides through the crowd with the Duke in tow. He notices a slight smile on his face.

WALSH
What the fuck are you smiling at?

THE DUKE
I love to travel by train.

WALSH
What do you think this is, the class trip?

THE DUKE
Are you always this angry?

WALSH
I'm in a great mood right now. You wait until I've been cooped up on this thing for awhile. You'll be running for that jail cell.

67 INT. UNDERGROUND TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT 67

Packed with PASSENGERS and PORTERS. The Lake Shore Limited is on the platform.

THE DUKE
Are you still going to make your deadline, Jack?

WALSH
With fourteen hours to spare.

Walsh shoves the Duke onto the train.

68 INT. HALL OF SLEEPER CAR - NIGHT 68

Walsh and the Duke follow MILES, the porter. Walsh blocks Miles' view of the cuffs.

MILES
(with passenger list)
You are?

WALSH
Jack Walsh.

MILES
(to the Duke)
And?

WALSH
Guest.

MILES
This way, gentlemen.

69 INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT 69

Miles leads Walsh and the Duke to a small sleeping compartment. Two bunk beds. Miles leaves. Walsh unlocks his side of the handcuffs and opens the bathroom door.

THE DUKE
You know, Jack, it really shows me that you're a quality human being for not forcing me to fly against my will.

Walsh cuffs the Duke to the handicapped railing and SLAMS the door to the bathroom.

70 INT. UNDERGROUND TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT 70

The Lake Shore Limited lurches to a start. Picking up speed, it begins its journey west.

71 INT. LOS ANGELES AMERICAN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT 71

As the PASSENGERS start to deplane, several HITMEN, scattered about the terminal, scan each face looking for the Duke. As the crowd grows thinner, they exchange puzzled glances. As it becomes apparent Walsh and the Duke are not on this plane, Mosely and his men appear, as if out of nowhere. Perry flashes his I.D. at the Flight Attendant as the Agents board. The Hitmen shoot glances back and forth, reading the situation clearly.

72 INT. COCKPIT OF PLANE - NIGHT 72

Mosely and Perry stand in front of the Captain.

MOSELY
Inspector Mosely, FBI.

CAPTAIN
Mosely? Are all you guys named Mosely?

MOSELY
What are you talking about?

CAPTAIN
You're here to pick up a prisoner, right?

MOSELY
How'd you know that?

CAPTAIN
He was afraid to fly so he got off the plane. He left with an Agent Mosely.

Once again, Tuttle needlessly expounds on the obvious.

TUTTLE
Sir, that must mean that Walsh has your identification.

Mosely can barely contain himself.

73 INT. FLORIO'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 73

The Las Vegas skyline twinkles outside floor-to-ceiling windows. Florio is on the phone speaking with restrained rage.

FLORIO
I thought you said he was going to be on that plane.

74 INT. MIDTOWN BAR - NIGHT 74

Tony is on the other end of the phone. Joey leans in, trying to hear what Florio is saying. The closeness irritates Tony, who turns away.

TONY
That's the information we got.

INTERCUT FLORIO AND TONY

FLORIO
You listen to me. I want this mother-fucker's lights out. And you better get more personally involved and stop sending other people to do your job.

TONY
You got it.

They hang up. Tony, relieved to be off the phone, turns to Joey.

TONY
What did I tell you? It's gonna be our ass.

75 EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT 75

The Lake Shore Limited thunders past, into the night.

76 INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT 76

Walsh lies on the bed, writing on a pad. The Duke's voice can be heard from the bathroom.

THE DUKE (O.S.)
Jack...

Walsh ignores him.

THE DUKE (O.S.)
Jack...

Walsh tries to shut him out.

THE DUKE (O.S.)
Jack...

WALSH
What the fuck do you want!

(CONTINUED)

76 CONT'D 76

THE DUKE (O.S.)
I told you I was claustrophobic.
(beat)
Jack, I know you're upset with me but it's stuffy in here.
(beat)
Come on, Jack, What do you think I'm going to do? Jump off a train going ninety miles an hour?

Walsh finally gets up and opens the bathroom door. Uncuffs the Duke. Leads him over to the second bed. Cuffs him to that. Walsh sits back on his bed and continues his writing.

THE DUKE
Thank you, Jack.
(beat)
What are you doing?

WALSH
Arithmetic.

THE DUKE
Maybe I can help you. I am an accountant.

WALSH
Well, I was thinking. After I turn your ass in and collect my money, I want to open up a restaurant.

THE DUKE
How much is it, exactly, that you're getting for me?

WALSH
A hundred thousand.

THE DUKE
Does that mean you'd let me go for a hundred thousand?

WALSH
I never took a payoff in my life. I'm not going to start now.

The Duke considers this for a second.

THE DUKE
A restaurant is a very tricky investment, Jack. More than half of them fail within the first year. As an accountant, I would have to advise you against it.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONT'D (2) 76

Walsh studies the Duke for a moment.

THE DUKE
What kind of restaurant were you thinking about opening?

WALSH
A family restaurant.

THE DUKE
Why a family restaurant? Do you have a family, or did they break the law and you took them in, too?
(beat)
I'm sorry, Jack. That was uncalled for.

77 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 77

A cigarette butt dangling from his lips, Nardone looks at his watch. He turns to Jerry.

NARDONE
How the hell could he miss that plane? He called from the goddamn airport.
(puts out cigarette)
Look at this. I'm smokin' again. Get Dorfler on the phone. See if he's still in Pittsburgh.

Jerry reaches for the phone.

78 INT. PITTSBURGH MOTEL - NIGHT 78

A cheap room. Lit only by glow of the TV set. Eating junk food, Max Dorfler sits on the bed watching ROBIN LEACH wax euphoric about the French Riviera. Nearby, we can make out a thin, wired PITTSBURGH THUG, handcuffed to a radiator.

PITTSBURGH THUG
Could I at least have a french fry?

DORFLER
I told you, no. Shut up!

The phone RINGS. Dorfler picks it up.

INTERCUT DORFLER AND NARDONE'S OFFICE

JERRY
Max. Hang on a second.
(calling out)
Joe, I got him.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONT'D 78

Nardone picks up the phone.

NARDONE
Max. I got a job for you. Big money. I gave it to Walsh, but he's fuckin' it up.

DORFLER
Well, I don't know why you keep hirin' that guy.

NARDONE
I know, Max. You're right. You're the best. You always come through for me. So, here's the job.

DORFLER
I'm listenin'.

NARDONE
You ever hear of the Duke?

DORFLER
No.

NARDONE
Jonathan Mardukas. The Duke.

DORFLER
I never heard of him.

NARDONE
That's okay, Max. It's not important. What is important is that you've got to find him and get him back here as soon as possible. Last I heard, Walsh had him in New York. But I don't know where the hell he is now. You pick him up, I'll pay you exactly what I'm payin' Walsh.

DORFLER
What's that?

NARDONE
Twenty-five thousand. But you got to get him back by midnight, Friday.

RESUME DORFLER

DORFLER
Don't worry. I'll get him.

Dorfler hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

80 INT. DINING CAR - NIGHT 80

Walsh eats his fried chicken dinner. The Duke, handcuffed, struggles to lay out a row of vitamins.

THE DUKE
Jack, this very difficult.

WALSH
(re: vitamins)
What are you, a drug addict?

THE DUKE
No, these are vitamins.

WALSH
You piss ninety percent of that out of your system.

THE DUKE
I'm not going to discuss nutrition with a man who eats deep-fried food and smokes cigarettes. And by the way, people who smoke should take extra vitamin C. If you'd like, I could outline a complete program for you.

WALSH
Mail it to me from "D" Block.

THE DUKE
I don't think you're as mean as you pretend to be. Why do you smoke? You know it's not good for you.

WALSH
I don't think about it.

THE DUKE
Well, that's living in denial. That sounds kind of foolish. Don't you think, Jack?

WALSH
No. Stealing fifteen million dollars from Jimmy Florio sounds foolish.

THE DUKE
Jack, do you have a family?

WALSH
I don't like sharing the intimate details of my life with strangers.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONT'D 80

THE DUKE
How far is it going to go? I'll probably be dead in a few days.

WALSH
How do you figure that?

THE DUKE
With what I know about Florio and his business, I won't last twenty-four hours in jail. You know that.

WALSH
I have an ex-wife and daughter living in Chicago.

THE DUKE
Oh, are we going to stop off and see them?

WALSH
I haven't seen either of them in nine years.

THE DUKE
You haven't seen your wife and daughter in nine years?

WALSH
What is there, an echo in here?

THE DUKE
Your job must have been tough on them.

WALSH
I was a cop then.

THE DUKE
You were a cop in Chicago? You must know all about Jimmy Florio.

WALSH
Yeah, I even met him a couple of times.

THE DUKE
Really? What's he like in person?

WALSH
You have a way of worming things out of people that I don't like.

Walsh shoves his food aside.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONT'D (2) 80

WALSH
Dinner's over.

Walsh gets up. Leaves two bucks for a tip.

THE DUKE
Two dollars? Is that all you're going to leave?

WALSH
It's fifteen percent.

THE DUKE
It's thirteen percent. Look at the bill. I'm an accountant, I know about these things.

Walsh turns. Fishes around in his jacket for his wallet again. Finds it. Turns. The Duke is gone. Walsh bolts for the exit.

81 INT. PASSENGER CAR - NIGHT 81

Walsh BURSTS into the car looking for the Duke. Spots him going through the door at the far end. Walsh runs down the aisle, shoving passengers aside as he chases after the Duke.

82 INT. SECTION BETWEEN CARS - NIGHT 82

The sliding door HISSES open. Walsh enters the compartment. The Duke has already opened the door to the outside. The night RAGES by. The Duke wants to jump. Hesitates. Locks eyes with Walsh in a panic. Walsh stops.

WALSH
What are ya gonna do? Jump out off a train goin' ninety miles an hour?

The Duke looks at Walsh.

WALSH
Go ahead. I'll get off at the next stop, scoop ya up and mail ya back to L.A.

The Duke thinks it over. He can't do it. Walsh walks over. Shuts the door. Yanks the Duke back towards their compartment.

83 EXT. CLEVELAND, OHIO TRAIN STATION - NIGHT 83

The Lake Shore Limited ROARS to a lumbering stop. CONDUCTORS and PORTERS step off the train. PASSENGERS start to board and exit. We recognize one of the them. It's Max Dorfler. Looking as if he ran all the way from Pittsburgh.

84 INT. COACH PASSENGER CAR - NIGHT 84

Dorfler boards. The car interior is dark. The CONDUCTOR punches Dorfler's ticket. Dorfler moves down the aisle. Scanning the CROWDS. Some asleep. COUPLES cuddled in seats. A SAILOR sleeping across two seats. Dorfler heads into the next car. The train begins moving.

85 INT. SLEEPER CAR - NIGHT 85

The train ROCKS with speed. Dorfler moves through the sliding door. He approaches Miles, the porter.

MILES
Trying to find your room?

DORFLER
Nah. I'm looking for Jack Walsh's. He told me to meet him there.

MILES
Number four. Next car.

DORFLER
Thanks.

Dorfler moves down the hall to the next car.

86 INT. HALL OF LAST SLEEPER CAR - NIGHT 86

Dorfler moves silently down the hall. Finds room four. The coast is clear. Tries Walsh's door. It's locked. He slips in a lock-pick. He opens the door silently. Removes his .45.

87 INT. SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT 87

Dorfler peeks in. Walsh is faintly snoring. A train ROARS by in the opposite direction. Walsh stirs in his sleep. Dorfler slowly moves to the bathroom. Opens the door. Finds the Duke. Dorfler gags him with his hand and points his .45 at him.

DORFLER
One word and you're dead.

Suddenly, Walsh's fist SMASHES into the side of Dorfler's head.

88 INT. HALL OF SLEEPER - NIGHT 88

Walsh and Dorfler BLAST into the hallway. Tumble to the floor. Walsh punches Dorfler. Dorfler's .45 skids along the carpet. Miles appears in the hall. Walsh scoops up the .45 and points it at Dorfler. Flashes the FBI badge at Miles.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONT'D 88

WALSH
Alonzo Mosely, FBI.
(to Dorfler)
How'd you find out where I was?

Walsh yanks Dorfler up. Dorfler rubs his bruised head.

DORFLER
Fuck you, shit-heel. I don't have to answer you. You ruined my fuckin' car.

WALSH
(to Miles)
Radio ahead. I want the local police at the next stop to place this man under arrest.

Dorfler grins. Starts laughing.

DORFLER
What the hell are you talking about?

Walsh SLAMS Dorfler's head into the wall. He sags. Collapses. Kisses the carpet.

WALSH
That's enough outta you.
(to Miles)
Go ahead. Get on the horn. Call the cops.

The Duke whispers to Walsh

THE DUKE
Who is this guy?

WALSH
Another bounty hunter. Count your blessings he's not taking you in.

89 INT. HALL OF FBI OFFICE - NIGHT 89

Perry hurries down the hall heading for Mosely's office. KNOCKS. Enters.

90 INT. MOSELY'S OFFICE - NIGHT 90

Walsh's belongings from the plane flight are scattered across his desk. Mosely looks out his window at the L.A. lights. He turns.

MOSELY
Good news or bad news?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONT'D 90

PERRY
Mardukas and Walsh are on the Amtrak headed to Los Angeles. Apparently, another bounty hunter was arrested after he tried to take Mardukas away.

MOSELY
I want the jet ready in twenty minutes.

91 EXT. SOUTH BEND, INDIANA TRAIN STATION - EARLY MORNING 91

The Lake Shore Limited ROARS into the station. Armed policeman line the platform. Marked and unmarked police cars are parked nearby. Mosely, Perry, Tuttle and Plumides move across the platform as the train THUNDERS to a stop. They board.

92 INT. SLEEPER CAR - EARLY MORNING 92

Mosely approaches Miles. Flashes his badge. Backed by the other Feds.

MOSELY
Where's Jack Walsh?

MILES
He got off. With the other fella. Two or three stops ago.
(leaning in)
His real name's Mosely.

MOSELY
(enraged)
I'm Mosely!

93 INT. FREMONT, OHIO BUS STATION - EARLY MORNING 93

The Duke stands cuffed to Walsh, who jabs a number into a pay phone. A BUM works his way through the row of phones, checking the coin returns. He reaches across Walsh, checking his phone for change. Walsh EXPLODES.

WALSH
Get outta here! Can't you see I'm on the phone!

The Bum backs off.

94 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 94

Jerry is half-asleep. Watching an old movie on TV. Nardone is crashed out on a cot in his office. The phone rings. Nardone yells from his sleep.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONT'D 94

NARDONE
Get it!

JERRY
(into phone)
Joe Nardone, bail bondsman.

INTERCUT WALSH AND NARDONE'S OFFICE

WALSH
Jerry, give me Nardone.

The sound of Walsh's voice snaps Jerry awake. This is the call he's been waiting for.

JERRY
Jesus, Jack, where are you?

Nardone has already heard. He grabs the phone at his desk.

NARDONE
Jack. Where the fuck are you?

95 INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT 95

The two agents with headphones snap awake.

WALSH (V.O.)
How the hell did Dorfler end up on my ass? Did you put him on this, you son-of-a-bitch?

NARDONE (V.O.)
How could I put him on you? I don't even know where the hell you are! Jack, you still got the Duke or what?

INTERCUT WALSH AND NARDONE

Jerry is on the other line. Listening to every word.

WALSH
Yeah, I got him.

The Duke reaches into his pocket and hands the bum a few dollars.

NARDONE
Where the hell are you?

WALSH
Somewhere between Cleveland and Toledo. We're about to get on a bus to L.A.

96 INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT 96

The two agents lock eyes. One nods. They've gotten the information.

NARDONE
A bus? What the hell are you doing, Jack? Are you out of your mind?

The DISPATCHER announces the departure of their bus over the P.A.

WALSH
I can't get into it right now, Joe. I just wanted to let you know we're on our way. The bus is leaving. I'll talk to you later.

Walsh hangs up.

97 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 97

Nardone lights a cigarette. Jerry picks up his jacket.

NARDONE
What the hell is this guy doin'?

JERRY
I don't know, Joe. You want me to go get some donuts or something?

NARDONE
What do I look like, a diabetic? And where the hell is that goddamn Dorfler?

JERRY
I don't know, Joe. I'm think I'm gonna step outside for some air.

Jerry turns. Moves quickly out of the office.

98 EXT. VIGNES STREET - NIGHT 98

Jerry hits the street. Trots for the payphone at the corner. Passes the FBI van. Grabs the phone. Starts dialing.

99 INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT 99

Agent 1 watches Geisler through the rear window of the van.

100 INT. FREMONT, OHIO BUS STATION - EARLY MORNING 100

Walsh and the Duke stand at the ticket window.

THE DUKE
How's our schedule doing now, Jack?

(CONTINUED)

100 CONT'D 100

WALSH
Don't worry. I'll get you there on time.

A TICKET CLERK slides Walsh's credit card back to him.

TICKET CLERK
I'm sorry, sir, but this card has been canceled.

WALSH
That's impossible.

TICKET CLERK
I double checked it. Sorry, I can't accept it, sir.

Walsh digs into his pockets. It is apparent that he doesn't have enough money. He turns to the Duke.

WALSH
How much money you got?

THE DUKE
A lot.

Walsh digs into the Duke's pockets and comes up with a few bills.

WALSH
You call that a lot of money?

THE DUKE
I'm not the one who can't pay his credit card bills.

Walsh finishes counting and slaps the money on the counter.

WALSH
(to Clerk)
Just made it. Two tickets to L.A.

101 INT. HOLDING CELL OF ELYRIA POLICE STATION - DAY 101

Dorfler sits. Smoking cigarettes. A FEW LOCAL DETECTIVES nearby. Mosely enters with Tuttle and Plumides.

DORFLER
Who the fuck are you?

MOSELY
Mosely. FBI.

Dorfler panics.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONT'D 101

DORFLER
Goddamnit! I didn't do anything!

MOSELY
Sit down. I just want to ask you some questions.

Dorfler slides back into his seat. Mosely towers over him. Takes one of Dorfler's cigarettes. Lights it with Dorfler's lighter. Pockets the cigarettes.

DORFLER
Yeah, yeah. Help yourself.

Mosely lights it. Inhales. Blows a blue wad at Dorfler.

MOSELY
What do you know about Jack Walsh?

102 EXT. FLORIO'S PENTHOUSE BALCONY - DAWN 102

Florio, in his silk robe. Sipping coffee, overlooking the city, desert and beyond. Neon against the desert dawn. Florio is wired and loaded with adrenaline. The doorbell rings. Florio, still locked in thought, heads inside.

103 INT. FLORIO'S PENTHOUSE - DAWN 103

Florio crosses the room. A BODYGUARD is heading to open the door. Florio reaches under his desk, pushing a button that unlocks the security door.

FLORIO
(to Bodyguard)
I got it. Get outta here.

SID LYMAN, Florio's attorney, enters.

FLORIO
What do you want, Sid?

LYMAN
I think you and I should talk. I heard somebody picked Mardukas up in New York.

FLORIO
Yeah, it's old news. I'm on it.

LYMAN
I don't have to tell you what will happen if he becomes a government witness.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONT'D 103

FLORIO
That won't be the case.

LYMAN
I assumed you were taking that position. I am supposed to advise you against such acts.

FLORIO
Hey, Sid. Why don't you relax and have a drink.
(looking at watch)
It's all gonna be over in a couple of minutes.

104 EXT. ELKHART, INDIANA SUBURBS - DAY 104

The Greyhound bus speeds by.

105 INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY 105

Walsh and the Duke sit toward the back. While Walsh tries to sleep, the Duke is wide awake.

THE DUKE
You know, the way you spoke to that homeless man back there in the bus station was a perfect example of misdirected anger. You should learn to focus on what is <u>really</u> hurting you and work on that.

Walsh tries to ignore him.

THE DUKE
Can I ask why it is you haven't seen you wife and daughter in nine years?

WALSH
My ex-wife got married to a police captain and I'm not very popular with the Chicago Police Department.

THE DUKE
Did you do something wrong?

The Duke hits a nerve.

WALSH
Yeah, I guess so. I tried to bust this big-time dealer. The guy practically supplied the whole city with heroin.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

105 CONT'D 105

WALSH (Cont'd)
I got close to him, gained his confidence. It took me a year. Just as I was ready to nail the son-of-a-bitch, mysteriously, my fellow officers discovered seven pounds of heroin in my house. They gave me a choice: get on the payroll like everyone else, get out of town or go to jail for thirty years.

THE DUKE
So you left town?

WALSH
Yeah. And that's why I do this. When I find a criminal, like yourself, I bring him in. I don't have to worry about anybody getting bribed or paid off because there is no "anybody". There's just me.

THE DUKE
So I guess that means that any offer I might make would be a waste of time.

Walsh's silence confirms this.

THE DUKE
Let me ask you something. Do you miss your wife and daughter?

WALSH
I don't think much about it.

THE DUKE
There's that denial thing again, Jack. We're going to be going through Chicago in a couple of hours. I think it would be good for you to look them up.

WALSH
I know in some twisted way you mean well, but will you please stay out of my personal life?

THE DUKE
You can't just avoid the things that hurt you. You've got to attack them head on. Sooner or later you're going to have to take a "front row" approach to life, Jack.

106 INT. HOLDING CELL OF ELYRIA POLICE STATION - DAY 106

Perry enters. Motions quickly to Mosely. Mosely moves to Perry in the doorway. They talk quietly.

PERRY
Walsh called Nardone about a half hour ago from outside of Toledo. He's on a Greyhound bus headed for Chicago.

MOSELY
Let's go.

They head for the door. A LOCAL DETECTIVE calls after him, motioning at Dorfler.

LOCAL DETECTIVE
Inspector. What do we do with this guy?

MOSELY
Let him go.

Mosely moves out. Dorfler grabs his jacket. Turns to the local detective.

DORFLER
Son of a bitch took my cigarettes...

107 EXT. GARY, INDIANA GREYHOUND BUS STATION - DAY 107

A few cars scattered in the lot. A black Chrysler is parked towards the back end.

108 INT. CHRYSLER - DAY 108

Tony sits at the wheel. Smoking. He looks annoyed. Joey plays with a tassel that hangs from the rear view mirror.

TONY
What's wrong with you? Do you have to touch everything? That's fuckin' annoying.

Joey glances out at the platform. A GUY casually smokes a cigarette. ANOTHER reads a magazine. More GUYS can be seen in the terminal. It's another group of HIT MEN. A SNIPER waits on a rooftop.

JOEY
Do you think we'll get 'em?

TONY
Fuck. They can't all miss.

109 EXT. GARY, INDIANA GREYHOUND BUS STATION - DAY 109

The bus swings into the terminal and HISSES to a stop. The door opens.

110 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY 110

Through the Sniper's crosshairs, we see PASSENGERS beginning to file off the bus.

111 INT. BUS - DAY 111

The Duke looks out the window, then turns to Walsh.

THE DUKE
Can I stretch my legs.

WALSH
Yeah, if you can do it sitting down.

THE DUKE
C'mon, Jack. We're going to be stuck on this thing for a couple of days.

Walsh gives in. The two of them start down the aisle. Just as they are about to step off the bus...

112 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 112

From out of nowhere Federal cars swing up. Surrounding the bus. Mosely's car swings in. SLAMS its brakes. He gets out and heads the pack that approaches the bus.

113 INT. CHRYSLER - DAY 113

Tony's and Joey's jaws drop.

TONY
Who the hell are these guys?

JOEY
They with us?

TONY
It's the fuckin' Feds.

114 EXT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY 114

Neither Walsh or the Duke have time to react. Perry SLAMS Walsh against the bus. Tuttle and Plumides SLAM the Duke against the bus. More FEDS surround them. LOCAL COPS appear. Both Walsh and the Duke are forced into the stressed spread-eagle position. Mosely appears. Locks eyes with the Duke.

MOSELY
You and I have a lot of talking to do.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONT'D 114

Mosely puts on his sunglasses for effect. Looks at Walsh.

MOSELY
Remember me?

WALSH
Oh, yeah. Agent Foster Grant. Hey, Alonzo, aren't ya gonna thank me for doing your job for ya?

MOSELY
Thanks, Walsh.

115 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY 115

Suddenly, the Sniper takes aim and FIRES at the Duke.

116 EXT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY 116

He misses, hitting the side of the bus. Mosely swings out his .38. The sniper fires again. Hits a local cop. People SCREAM. Run. Hit the deck. Perry. Tuttle. Plumides. All pull out their pieces. More GUNFIRE. The hit man with the magazine FIRES. Walsh forces the Duke to the pavement. Bullets BLAST the windows of the Greyhound. More SCREAMS. The Hit men from the terminal are now on the platform. FIRING. Bullets SCREAM all around the Duke and Walsh. The hit man with the magazine keeps FIRING. Perry OPENS FIRE. The hit man sails over the railing. Mosely fixes on the sniper.

MOSELY
Freeze!

The sniper turns to fire. Mosely BLOWS the sniper off the roof.

117 INT. CHRYSLER - DAY 117

Watching from a distance.

TONY
Fuck this.

JOEY
Yeah. Hit it.

118 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 118

Tony GUNS the Chrysler away.

119 EXT. FBI CAR - DAY 119

Amidst the crossfire, Walsh and the Duke crawl up to the first car they can find. Sneak inside.

120 INT. FBI CAR - DAY 120

The keys dangle in the ignition. Walsh shoves the Duke across to the passenger seat.

121 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 121

Walsh SLAMS the door. STARTS the car. GUNS it away.

122 INT. FBI CAR - DAY 122

The Duke is near hysterics.

THE DUKE
Oh, God! Oh, my God! Let me go.

WALSH
Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

THE DUKE
What was that? Why would they shoot at us like that?

WALSH
Those were Florio's people. He's not even waiting until you get to jail.

The Duke picks up a clipboard. Starts to read.

THE DUKE
Alonzo Mosely? Isn't that the name you've been using.

WALSH
Give me that.

Walsh yanks it away. Reading as he drives.

WALSH
Isn't that nice. This is Mosely's car.

THE DUKE
If you want to turn me in, why are you running away from the FBI?

WALSH
I only get my money when I deliver you to L.A., not to the Feds.
(re: clipboard)
Goddammit. They've got a wiretap on Nardone's phone line.

123 EXT. ROAD - DAY 123

Walsh turns off the road. A police chopper ROARS by. Heading for the bus station.

124 INT. FBI CAR - DAY 124

WALSH
We're not gonna get too far in a stolen FBI car.

As they both get out, Walsh reaches into his pocket. Removes his sunglasses and sets them on the steering wheel.

THE DUKE
What's that for?

WALSH
It's an inside joke between me and Alonzo.

125 EXT. AM/PM MINI-MART - DAY 125

Tony and Joey are at a pay phone. Joey polishing off a box of Cracker Jacks. He TAPS the bottom of the box to get the crumbs.

TONY
Sorry, Mr. Florio, it didn't happen.

126 INT. FLORIO'S PENTHOUSE - DAY 126

Florio is on the other end of the line, using the speaker box. Lyman sits at the bar, nervously sipping a drink.

INTERCUT FLORIO AND TONY

FLORIO
What was that again?

TONY
It didn't happen. There were about thirty Feds there along with local heat. A lot of heads got popped.

Lyman paces. Nervous. Shakes his head.

LYMAN
You better get off the line, Jimmy.

FLORIO
Shut up.

LYMAN
If they've got a tap...

FLORIO
(exploding)
I said shut up!
(into phone)
Where's Mardukas? In custody?

(CONTINUED)

126 CONT'D 126

Joey fishes the prize out of the Cracker Jack box. Opens it. It's a whistle. Begins BLOWING it, annoyingly.

TONY
I don't know. There was so much commotion, I don't know.

Joey BLOWS his whistle again.

TONY
(covering phone)
Will you knock it off!

FLORIO
Let me make it simple for you guys. I am not to get another phone call like this.

Florio hangs up, then suddenly knocks the speaker box off the table.

FLORIO
I should've killed that son-of-a-bitch Walsh back in Chicago.

127 EXT. GAIL BROONER'S HOUSE - DAY 127

Walsh climbs out of a cab with the Duke. Middle class homes. Manicured lawns. Hands his last dollar bills over to the CAB DRIVER. The cab pulls away.

WALSH
I can't believe this. I haven't seen them for nine years and the first thing out of my mouth is gonna be "can I borrow a few hundred bucks?"

THE DUKE
I have a feeling that this is going to be very good for you.

They move toward the house. This is the first time Walsh appears unsure of himself. Slightly unkempt from the journey, he makes a feeble attempt to straighten out his hair and clothing. The Duke lends a hand, fixing Walsh's collar and adjusting a loose lock of hair.

THE DUKE
You look great.

Walsh RINGS the doorbell. They wait in expectant silence. Seven year old JASON opens the door and looks at Walsh and the Duke.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONT'D 127

JASON
Who are you guys?

WALSH
I'm your mother's ex-husband.

Jason SLAMS the door.

JASON (O.S.)
Mom!

THE DUKE
Nice kid.

The door opens revealing GAIL BROONER. Very attractive. She stares at Walsh.

GAIL
Jack...

WALSH
Hi, Gail.

The Duke watches the strained exchange.

GAIL
They mentioned you and him on the news this morning. Are you alright?

Walsh looks at her deeply. With desperate eyes.

WALSH
Can I come in for a few minutes?

She nods. Walsh and the Duke enter the house.

128 INT. GAIL BROONER'S HOUSE - DAY 128

They enter the foyer.

GAIL
You're in a lot of trouble. Did you impersonate an FBI agent?

WALSH
Gail, I won't stay long. I need some money to get to L.A. You know I'm good for it.

Walsh feels shame. Fear. Confusion.

WALSH
I'm so embarrassed. I'm just in a jam.
(smiles)
You look so beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONT'D 128

Gail bites her lip. Tears fill her eyes. She looks gorgeous. Meanwhile, Jason has been studying the Duke.

JASON
You don't look much like a criminal.

THE DUKE
I'm a white collar criminal.

GAIL
Jack, you shouldn't be here. If Ted comes home, he'll arrest you. And him.

WALSH
Arrest us?
(to the Duke)
Then we'd really be in trouble, cause I'm a little short on bribe money.

GAIL
Jack, don't start, please. Today's not a good day for this.

THE DUKE
Yeah, Jack. Don't start.

WALSH
I'm sorry my fugitive timetable doesn't coincide with your social calendar.

THE DUKE
I don't think she was saying that, Jack.

WALSH
Stay out of this, John.

GAIL
Same old Jack. Gets his feelings hurt and tries to hurt everyone around him.

WALSH
Gail, the last thing I need now is one of your lectures.

GAIL
I'm trying to protect you, stupid! Ted's going to be home any minute. Tonight's a very important night for us. We're all going out.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONT'D (2) 128

WALSH
What's so special about tonight? Wait. Let me guess.
(a beat)
"Graft night."

GAIL
That's enough!

THE DUKE
Alright everyone, let's not fight.

WALSH
I'm in a big fuckin' jam. I just need some money. All I've got to do is just get this guy to L.A. and I'm out of this miserable business forever.

Walsh's fifteen year old daughter, DENISE BROONER, appears in the doorway. A vision. Walsh turns with a lump in his throat. The Duke looks at her. At Walsh. Emotions fly through the room. Walsh can barely speak.

WALSH
Hi.
(clears throat)
Hi, Denise.

Denise floats across the room. Approaches her haggard father. Looks into his eyes. Holds him tight. Gail fights tears. Loses. Tears roll down her face. Walsh hugs Denise as tight as he can. Still cuffed to the Duke, he drags the reminder of who he is.

DENISE
Hi, Daddy.

WALSH
You're so grown up.

They break their embrace. He looks into Denise's eyes.

WALSH
That's all I wanted to do. Just hold you for a minute.

Walsh turns to Gail.

WALSH
I'll go now.
(a beat)
I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONT'D (3) 128

GAIL
Hang on.

She disappears into the kitchen. Walsh looks at the Duke. Gail comes back with cash and car keys. Hands them to Walsh.

GAIL
I only have forty dollars but you can take my car if you want. I'll tell Ted it's in the shop. We'll worry about it after you get to L.A.

Walsh slowly takes the keys.

WALSH
Does he take good care of you?

Gail nods affirmatively.

WALSH
That's all I want to know.
(a beat)
What will he say about this?

GAIL
(slowly)
He'll understand.

Walsh looks at her. There's so much distance. So much time. So much unsaid. He nods.

WALSH
That's love.

129 EXT. GAIL BROONER'S DRIVEWAY - DAY 129

Walsh exits the house and cuffs the Duke inside the LTD. Denise follows, approaching her father. She has a stack of bills in her hands.

DENISE
It isn't much. About a hundred and eighty dollars. Baby-sitting money. Take it.

WALSH
I can't do that, sweetheart.

DENISE
Please...
(a beat)
Daddy.

129 CONT'D 129

Walsh looks at her. There's so much to say. No time. He takes the money. Nods. Gets into the LTD. Pulls out quickly. Denise remains on the lawn, watching them descend into the distance.

130 INT. LTD - DAY 130

Walsh is silent, watching his daughter fade from sight in the rearview mirror.

THE DUKE
You have a beautiful daughter, Jack.

WALSH
I'd just like to be quiet for a while.

Walsh continues to drive. Then, out of nowhere, pulls a U-turn.

131 EXT. STREET - DAY 131

The LTD SWINGS completely around. Heading back the way it came.

132 EXT. GAIL BROONER'S HOUSE - DAY 132

Denise watches the LTD returning. Suddenly, from behind her, her step-father, Gail's husband, TED BROONER, pulls his car into the driveway.

133 INT. LTD - DAY 133

Still at a distance, Walsh slows to a stop. He watches the sad sight. All of what he could have been. Ted, well dressed and unaware of Walsh's presence, puts his arm around Denise, leading her back to the house. Just before she disapppears inside the doorway, she turns, giving her real father a farewell glance. Walsh, in a trance, watches the door close. The Duke sits quietly. With a start, Walsh drives up to the house. He gets out of the car.

134 EXT. GAIL BROONER'S HOUSE - DAY 134

Walsh crosses the lawn. Approaches the front door. Out of his pocket, he takes the money that Denise gave him. Puts it in the mailbox. He turns and heads back to the LTD. Drives off.

135 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT 135

Highway traffic roars in the background. Walsh, wrestling with a roadmap, punches in a telephone number. The Duke cuffed along side of him.

136 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - DAY 136

Jerry grabs the RINGING phone.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONT'D 136

JERRY
(into phone)
Joe Nardone, bail bondsman.

INTERCUT WALSH AND NARDONE'S OFFICE

WALSH
Jerry, Jack. Give me Nardone.

Jerry is nervous. He keeps feeding the mob bad information. He SHOUTS at Nardone's cubicle.

JERRY
Hey, Joe, it's Jack.

Jerry listens in.

137 INT. FBI VAN - DAY 137

The two agents snap awake.

138 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - DAY 138

Nardone is in the middle of a rap with a lawyer and a criminal. He cuts them off with a wave. Grabs the phone.

NARDONE
Jack. Where are you?

WALSH
I'm in Boise, Idaho.

139 INT. FBI VAN - DAY 139

The agents start writing.

WALSH (V.O.)
No, wait a minute. I'm in Casper, Wyoming.
(a beat)
No, wait, I'm in Anchorage, Alaska. I'm in the lobby of a Howard Johnson's. I'm wearing a pink carnation.

The agents lock eyes with confusion.

140 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - DAY 140

NARDONE
What the hell are you talkin' about?

WALSH
I'm not talkin' to you. I'm talkin' to the other guys.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONT'D 140

NARDONE
What other guys?

WALSH
Let me describe the scene to you.

141 INT. FBI VAN - DAY 141

The four agents listen.

WALSH (V.O.)
There's these guys, see? They've probably been up for two days. So, they stink of B.O., have coffee breath, and they're constipated and have hemorrhoids from sitting on their asses for so long.

The agents shift nervously. One looks at his thermos coffee cup.

142 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - DAY 142

WALSH (V.O.)
They're sitting' in a van. Probably parked up the street from your office.

Nardone takes the phone over to the window. Parts the blinds. Spots the van on the corner.

143 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT 143

WALSH
But, now they're gonna have to pack up all their shit and go home, because I'm onto them! You dumb fucks! I'm not usin' this line anymore!

144 INT. FBI VAN - DAY 144

The agents lock eyes realizing they've been had.

INTERCUT WALSH AND NARDONE

WALSH
Hey, Joe.

NARDONE
Yeah, Jack.

WALSH
Go to Denny's. I'll call you in five minutes. They can't run a tap that fast.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONT'D 144

NARDONE
Right.

WALSH
(to Agents)
So long, everybody.

145 INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - DAY 145

The phone RINGS. The MANAGER takes it. Hands it to Nardone, who leans next to the register.

NARDONE
(into phone)
Jack?

INTERCUT WALSH AND NARDONE

WALSH
I need you to wire me five hundred to the Western Union Office in Amarillo, Texas.

NARDONE
What do you need with five hundred dollars on a bus? And why the hell aren't you on a plane?

WALSH
Did it ever occur to you that I'm a professional and that I might have my reasons? We're driving now and I only have enough cash to get to Amarillo. We had to scrap the bus.

NARDONE
(starting to yell)
Fuck the bus, I'd like to know what happened to the goddamn plane?

WALSH
(deadpan)
He doesn't like to fly.

NARDONE
(exploding)
He doesn't like to fly!?! What the fuck does that mean!?! You have to be back here in less than two and a half days. What the fuck are you doing out there, Jack?

(CONTINUED)

145 CONT'D 145

WALSH
Joe, I swear to god, don't start with me now or I'll shoot him and dump him in the swamp. I'm in no fuckin' mood for this. Just send me the money and I'll have him back by the deadline.

146 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - DAY 146

Nardone enters. Approaches Jerry.

NARDONE
Hey, Jerry, wire five hundred dollars to Walsh in Amarillo, Texas.

Jerry nods. Nardone walks a few steps. Turns.

NARDONE
And maybe you ought to see if you can't get Dorfler down there, too.

147 EXT. VIGNES STREET - DAY 147

Once again, Jerry trots for his phone booth.

148 INT. FBI VAN - DAY 148

For the second time, AGENT 1 watches Geisler through the rear window of the van.

AGENT 1
(to Agent 2)
Let's run a tap on that phone booth. Something's going on here.

149 EXT. OKLAHOMA - NIGHT 149

The LTD continues its journey west.

150 INT. LTD - NIGHT 150

Walsh and the Duke sit quietly. After a few moments, the Duke starts to sing softly.

THE DUKE
Ninety nine bottles of beer on the wall, ninety nine bottles of beer. If one of those...

Walsh silences him with a look.

151 EXT. AMARILLO COFFEE SHOP - EARLY MORNING 151

The LTD rolls up to a coffee shop. Walsh and the Duke get out. Arching the kinks out of their backs, they head in.

152 INT. AMARILLO COFFEE SHOP - EARLY MORNING 152

Eggs and bacon sizzle lusciously on the hot griddle. A YOUNG RANCH HAND stuffs his mouth with a massive forkful of steaming hotcakes. Walsh and the Duke eye all this from their seats at the counter. A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS
What can I do for you, boys?

WALSH
Two coffees.

THE DUKE
I'd prefer herbal tea.
(to Walsh)
As a bounty hunter are you licensed to starve your victims?

WALSH
In ten minutes we'll have five hundred bucks. I'll buy ya a nice juicy steak.

THE DUKE
I don't eat meat. It's filled with carcinogens and steroids.

WALSH
You know, you're a very smart guy, John. You know everything about everything. But you don't know enough to stay out of other people's business. If you had left Florio alone, none of this would be happening to you.

THE DUKE
I had a way out of this, Jack.

WALSH
Oh, really.

THE DUKE
I was going to put all of Florio's records on computer diskettes as an insurance policy. I figured I could always trade it over in exchange for my life if things got too rough.

WALSH
Why didn't you just leave him alone?

THE DUKE
Why didn't you just ignore corruption in the police department?

(CONTINUED)

152 CONT'D 152

WALSH
Because I couldn't live with myself, that's why.

THE DUKE
That's how I felt, Jack. I wasn't some mob accountant. I thought I worked in a legitimate firm. When I found out I was managing accounts that were really fronts for Florio, I just couldn't sit back and do nothing.

WALSH
So you decided to take what didn't belong to you.

THE DUKE
Jack, I gave practically all of it to charity. How can you take the side of a mobster?

WALSH
I'm not taking his side.

THE DUKE
You're taking his side if you're not taking mine.

WALSH
I'm not taking anybody's side. I've got nothing to do with this.

Walsh checks his Timex.

WALSH
Time to go.

THE DUKE
Why do you wear that old watch?

WALSH
I'll tell you when I know you better.

Walsh cuffs the Duke and drags him towards the door.

153 INT. TONY AND JOEY'S CAR - DAY 153

Tony and Joey sit in their car just up the block from the Western Union office. Tony scans the street. Joey eats corn chips and drinks a Coke.

JOEY
You know what we should get? One of those little trays that you keep in the car, so you don't spill food and drinks all over the place.

154 EXT. AMARILLO STREET - DAY 154

Walsh and the Duke cross the street, heading for the Western Union Office.

155 INT. TONY AND JOEY'S CAR - DAY 155

Tony spots them.

TONY
There they are.

Tony and Joey get out of the car.

156 EXT. AMARILLO STREET - DAY 156

Tony and Joey cross the street, guns in coats, approaching Walsh and the Duke. Walsh sees them. Freezes.

TONY
Don't fuckin' move, asshole.
(to Walsh)
I don't wanna kill you.
(to the Duke)
I just want you.

The Duke is panic-stricken. From out of nowhere, Dorfler appears behind Tony and Joey, cocking his .45.

DORFLER
Drop 'em.

Tony and Joey turn.

DORFLER
You heard me. Drop 'em.

Tony and Joey drop their guns.

DORFLER
Who the fuck are you guys?

TONY
Who the fuck are you?

Dorfler K.O.'s Tony with the butt of his .45. Tony eats the pavement.

JOEY
You're dead. You know who you're fuckin' with?

DORFLER
No. Why don't you tell me about it. And make sure you speak into the microphone.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONT'D 156

On "microphone", Dorfler WHACKS the butt of his .45 into Joey's mouth. Walsh and the Duke watch the scene.

DORFLER
(to Walsh)
Give me the keys to the cuffs.

WALSH
Sure, Max.

Walsh takes out the keys and then tosses them into the sewer.

WALSH
Looks like a package deal to me, Max.

THE DUKE
Front row, Jack!

DORFLER
Alright, both of you, come on.

157 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY 157

Dorfler's car makes tracks through the Amarillo countryside.

158 INT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY 158

Dorfler at the wheel, the Duke in between him and Walsh. They are sandwiched into the front seat.

DORFLER
Who the hell were those guys?

WALSH
Oh, Maxie. You've done it this time.

DORFLER
What are you talking about?

WALSH
Those were hired killers back there.

DORFLER
Hired to kill who?

WALSH
(re: the Duke)
Hired to kill him.

DORFLER
Hired by who?

WALSH
Jimmy Florio.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONT'D 158

DORFLER
Oh, fuck! Why do they wanna kill him?

WALSH
Maxie, don't ya read the newspapers?

THE DUKE
I can't take this.

WALSH
How the fuck did you know where we were?

THE DUKE
I can't take this anymore.

WALSH
Shut up a minute.
(to Dorfler)
Did Nardone put you on this?

DORFLER
Of course, Nardone put me on this.

WALSH
That no good son of a bitch. I got a contract with him!

DORFLER
You got a contract?

WALSH
Yeah. I signed it on Monday.

DORFLER
He called me in Pittsburgh. He said you were fuckin' this up.

WALSH
I'm not fuckin' this up.

DORFLER
You should of been in L.A. over two days ago.

WALSH
Don't tell me how to do my goddamn job. I'm half thinkin' not to turn him in just to watch Nardone go down the toilet.

THE DUKE
That's an excellent thought.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONT'D (2) 158

WALSH
Who the fuck is talkin' to you?

DORFLER
(to Walsh)
He's not yours to take in anymore.

The air begins to THROB. An engine.

WALSH
Do you hear that?

They turn. A helicopter is moving along the road. Coming up fast.

WALSH
Oh, Christ.

DORFLER
Alright, who's this?

WALSH
It's either Florio or the Feds.

159 EXT. ROAD - DAY 159

Dorfler's car moves along. The chopper comes up right behind it. Sharpshooters inside the chopper lower M-16s at the vehicle. OPEN FIRE. The road EXPLODES all around the car.

160 INT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY 160

They duck the shots.

WALSH
It's Florio.

161 EXT. ROAD - DAY 161

The chopper stays right on the car. The air STINGS with bullets.

162 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 162

A PILOT and THREE SHARPSHOOTERS. These guys mean business.

163 EXT. ROAD - DAY 163

Several shots hit Dorfler's car. Dorfler's hood EXPLODES and sails into the air. Dorfler SLAMS on the brakes. The car SKIDS to a stop. The chopper ROARS overhead, going past it, then swings around, heading back. Dorfler jams on the accelerator, zooming under the oncoming chopper.

164 INT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY 164

Circling once more, the chopper comes up behind them. M-16s open FIRE. BLOW OUT the back window.

WALSH
This is bullshit! We're sittin' ducks, Maxie! Get off the fuckin' road!

165 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 165

The three sharpshooters lean out. Open FIRE again.

166 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY 166

A bridge spans a huge gorge. ROARING rapids below. An eighteen wheel tractor trailer is approaching. So is the chopper.

167 INT. DORFLER'S CAR - DAY 167

They are just about to enter the bridge. SWERVING. Ducking bullets. The Duke sees the oncoming truck.

THE DUKE
Look out!

Dorfler cuts the wheel.

168 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY 168

Dorfler misses the truck by a few feet. The chopper misses by inches. ROARS skyward. The truck nearly jack-knifes trying to get out of the way. Dorfler SWERVES off the road just short of the bridge. SLAMS through the guard railing.

169 EXT. GORGE - DAY 169

Dorfler's car SAILS down the steep embankment. SIDESWIPES huge rocks and trees. The brush and rocks in its path don't slow it down.

170 INT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY 170

The Duke SCREAMS. Walsh braces for the impact. Dorfler steers down the obstacle course of rocks and trees heading for the rapids.

DORFLER
Okay. Okay. I got it.

SIDESWIPES a tree. Keeps going.

DORFLER
Hang in. Relax. I got it.

171 EXT. GORGE - DAY 171

The car SLAMS to a halt, wedging itself between two boulders, just a few feet from the edge of the rapids. The chopper swings around over the top of the bridge.

172 INT. DORFLER'S CAR - DAY 172

Dorfler's gun bounces to the floor. The Duke grabs it. Points it at Walsh and Dorfler.

THE DUKE
Nobody move.

Walsh grabs the gun out of the Duke's hand.

WALSH
Give me that.

Dorfler grabs the gun.

DORFLER
That's mine.

173 EXT. GORGE - DAY 173

The chopper roars overhead. Bullets EXPLODE around them. The doors are blocked by the boulders. Walsh, the Duke and Dorfler are forced to crawl out through the windows. Dive for cover. The chopper circles, then moves in for the kill.

174 INT. CHOPPER - DAY 174

The Sharpshooters take aim. Open FIRE.

175 EXT. GORGE - DAY 175

The bullets EXPLODE around Walsh, the Duke and Dorfler. The Duke falls, dragging Walsh with him. Dorfler FIRES at the helicopter with his .45. Walsh removes keys from his pocket and starts to uncuff the Duke.

DORFLER
I thought you threw those out.

WALSH
Always check the evidence, Max. Those were car keys.

The Duke begins to smile.

WALSH
(to the Duke)
They're not after me.

The Duke's smile vanishes.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONT'D 175

WALSH
Just kiddin'.

Walsh climbs behind a group of boulders. Pulls out his .45. FIRES with Dorfler at the chopper.

176 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 176

A bullet hits the glass bubble, EXPLODING it into the cockpit. The pilot swings the chopper away.

177 EXT. GORGE - DAY 177

The chopper comes around for the kill, again. The Duke tries to hide behind a huge boulder. Bullets EXPLODE all around him. He inches around the boulder, trying to keep it between him and the chopper. Each quickly changing directions to outsmart the other. A serious game of cat and mouse. The Duke loses his balance. He falls backwards into the rapids. Bullets SPRAY all around him. He disappears into the white-water. Walsh is about to jump in after him but a hail of bullets forces him to stay put.

WALSH
Son of a bitch! Well, Max, there goes a hundred grand.

DORFLER
A hundred? You're getting a hundred?

WALSH
Why? What was Nardone gonna pay you?

DORFLER
Twenty-five.

Walsh smiles. Bullets FIRE. They duck.

178 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 178

One of the sharpshooters spots the Duke. Taps the pilot. Points.

179 EXT. RAPIDS - DAY 179

Water ROARING. The Duke struggles to keep afloat in the nightmarish current. The chopper opens FIRE at him.

180 EXT. GORGE - DAY 180

Walsh sees the chopper's vulnerability. It's tail rotor.

WALSH
Maxie. Give me another clip!

(CONTINUED)

180 CONT'D 180

DORFLER
What? I need it myself!

WALSH
Give me the fuckin' clip!

Dorfler hesitates. Looks at the chopper. To Walsh. Then tosses him the clip. Walsh jams it into his .45.

181 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 181

The sharpshooters RIDDLE the water surrounding the Duke with GUNFIRE.

182 EXT. GORGE - DAY 182

Walsh moves along the bank. Gets a good solid line on the tail rotor. Crouches. Raises his arm. Sights in. Then smiles.

WALSH
Say goodnight, Gracie.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! SMACK! The STING of metal hitting metal. The tail rotor EXPLODES.

183 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 183

The joystick slips from the pilot's hands.

PILOT
We're hit!

184 EXT. GORGE - DAY 184

With a deafening high-pitched whine, the chopper swings madly out of control. Dorfler drops his jaw. Can't believe it. Walsh grins. The chopper ROARS at them. They hit the deck. ROARS back into the sky and starts its deadly descent toward the wall of the gorge. Heads straight for it. SLAMS into it. EXPLODES into a FIREBALL. GUSHING FLAMES AND SHRAPNEL for a hundred yards.

DORFLER
Goddamn, Jack. You did it!

Walsh smiles. Punches Dorfler square in the jaw. Dorfler falls back, hitting the car. Walsh digs in Dorfler's pockets. Pulls out Dorfler's cuffs and keys. Cuffs him to the open car door and tosses the keys into the water. Dorfler is coming to.

WALSH
See you in L.A., Max!

Walsh dives into the rapids.

185 EXT. RAPIDS - DAY 185

The Duke, trying to swim, grabs for debris lodged between rocks. Stops. Unsurvivable white-water ROARS just ahead. Holding onto the debris for dear life, he pulls himself along. Slowly. Surely. Inches towards a boulder. Walsh comes bouncing down the rapids on the same path that the Duke has just taken. He sees the Duke pulling himself to safety. Walsh reaches out as he passes. Grabs for the same debris. SLAMS into it. Dislodges all of it. He and the Duke ROAR down the rapids together clinging to the same log. Moving into the white-water.

THE DUKE
Goddamnit, I was almost safe!

They ride the log, holding on for dear life. A group of boulders are ahead. Water RUSHES between them. The log slams into the boulders, getting caught between two of them. Duke's back is against the current. Walsh is on the other side of the log. He's losing his grip. The rapids beyond invite death.

WALSH
I'm slipping! Give me your hand!

THE DUKE
Promise you'll let me go!

WALSH
Fuck you!

THE DUKE
Promise me!

WALSH
Fuck you!

THE DUKE
You're making it very hard for me to do the right thing here, Jack.

WALSH
(slipping)
Alright! Alright! I'll let you go! I promise!

The Duke reaches for Walsh. Grabs him. Together, they lunge for the boulder as the log breaks free, disappearing into a field of white. They climb to safety.

186 EXT. BANK - AFTERNOON 186

Drenched to the core. Exhausted. They crawl ashore.

THE DUKE
Where's Dorfler?

(CONTINUED)

186 CONT'D 186

WALSH
He's watchin' the car.

WALSH
Thanks for savin' me.

THE DUKE
Thanks for letting me go.

WALSH
I'll let you go, alright.
(cuffing him)
The second you're in the L.A. County Jail.

THE DUKE
I just saved your life!

WALSH
(yanking up the Duke)
Come on.

187 EXT. ROAD - DAY 187

Looking like shit, Walsh and the Duke walk slowly along the side of the rural road. A dilapidated pick-up truck snakes towards them. Walsh uncuffs the Duke then waves it to a stop. BILLY, an overweight Indian, with a black ponytail and black cowboy hat, is at the wheel. Two other INDIANS, are crammed in the front seat. FOUR more sit on the bed of the truck.

WALSH
How's it goin', gentlemen? Do you think you can give me and my friend a ride to the nearest town?

BILLY
Sure. Pile in.

188 EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK BED - DAY 188

Walsh and the Duke sandwich in between the Indians. The truck lurches with life and moves down the road. The Indians eyeball Walsh and the Duke. Their dirty clothes. Their worn faces.

INDIAN ONE
You guys look like you've been doin' a lot of travelin'.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONT'D 188

WALSH
Yeah.
(a beat)
If there's one thing I've learned on this trip, it's what a beautiful country we got here. I'll bet you guys must be pretty pissed off you lost it.

The Indians don't respond.

WALSH
Just kiddin'.

189 EXT. GORGE - DAY 189

We recognize the bridge. It's where the chopper went down. A dozen police cars are on it. Several COPS lean over the side of the bridge. They watch a man SCREAMING in the gorge. Handcuffed to a car. Dorfler.

DORFLER
That's right! Down here! Get me the fuck outta here!

190 INT. FBI OFFICE, CHICAGO - DAY 190

Mosely sits alone, looking like he's been working long hours. Perry approaches, handing him a teletype page.

PERRY
This just came in.

MOSELY
Is it going to upset me?

PERRY
I think it's safe to say that.

191 EXT. MCCARRAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, LAS VEGAS - DAY 191

Jets THUNDER overhead. Joey and Tony stand in front of the United terminal holding their luggage. With a handkerchief, Tony nurses a huge bruise on the side of his face from the whack of Dorfler's .45. Joey sports a fat lip Florio's black limousine pulls up. It feels angry. A CHAUFFEUR takes their bags. Tony and Joey reluctantly get inside.

192 INT. FLORIO'S LIMO - DAY 192

Florio is in back. Also, Sid Lyman. They face Tony and Joey. The car moves quickly away from the terminal area. Florio is livid.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONT'D 192

FLORIO
What's the problem with you guys? The guy's a fuckin' accountant!

TONY
It's been bad luck down the line. Plus this guy, Walsh, is pretty good.

FLORIO
Well, if he's so fuckin' good, maybe I should hire him to hit you.

LYMAN
Is any of this going to come back to him?

TONY
No. None of it. We rented the chopper through Detroit.

JOEY
(to Florio)
It's five times removed from you. So you're clear of this. Don't worry.

FLORIO
(exploding)
I'm clear of shit! He's still out there!
(yelling to Chaffuer)
Pull the fuck over!
(to Tony and Joey)
Get out of the car!

LYMAN
Jimmy...

FLORIO
Shut up, Sid.
(to Tony and Joey)
Get the fuck out of the car!

The limo pulls to the side of the road. A confused Tony and Joey sheepishly exit.

FLORIO
I have no interest whatsoever in seeing the two of you alive again unless you have the accountant! You understand?

193 EXT. LAS VEGAS ROADSIDE - DAY 193

The limo peels away, leaving Tony and Joey in the dust.

JOEY
How do we get our luggage back?

194 EXT. INDIAN RESERVATION - DAY 194

The middle of nowhere. Chickens scatter avoiding the pick-up truck as it pulls up to a dilapidated general store. The Indians pile out. Other Indians sit on indoor furniture that has been left outside. An old crop-duster is parked to one side of the general store. It catches the Duke's eye.

BILLY
This is the end of the ride.

Walsh stares at the sights.

WALSH
What the hell kind of town is this?

An OLD INDIAN WOMAN sits on the porch.

THE DUKE
Is there a bathroom in there I could use?

She nods 'yes'. The Duke turns to Walsh.

THE DUKE
Is it alright, Jack?

WALSH
G'head.

The Duke disappears inside. Walsh studies the lonely landscape of old cars and shacks. In their native language, a few INDIANS sitting nearby are having a good laugh at the expense of Walsh's bedraggled appearance. Walsh does his best to ignore them. The sound of a large engine coming to life fills the air. Walsh, pacing along the porch, casually glances in the direction of the crop-duster as it slowly starts to taxi away. His eyes widen as he realizes that the man in the open cockpit is the Duke. It appears that the Duke is not afraid of flying. The prop spins with life. The SOUND of the crop-duster intensifies. Walsh can't believe how badly he's been taken. As the crop-duster moves away, Walsh goes berserk.

WALSH
Fear of flying, you son-of-a-bitch?

Walsh runs after the plane, sprinting the length of the reservation to catch up with the taxiing plane. The Duke swings it around for take-off, now moving towards Walsh. As it moves past him, Walsh grabs on to the wing and hoists himself alongside the cockpit. The plane ROARS with life. He reaches for the Duke. The Duke tries to push Walsh off and maintain control at the same time.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONT'D 194

WALSH
Fear of flying, my ass! Get out of that plane, you son-of-a-bitch.

THE DUKE
My work is done here, Jack. I've reopened the lines of communication between you, your ex-wife and your daughter.

WALSH
I'm gonna open your fuckin' head.

THE DUKE
And I think you're well on your way to reexamining who you are as a human being.

Walsh grabs the Duke halfway out of the cockpit. The plane zig-zags wildly through the field.

THE DUKE
You're going to get us killed!

WALSH
I don't give a fuck.

Walsh right-hooks the Duke, knocking him out, then manages to yank him from the cockpit. They both fall to the ground. The pilotless crop-duster aimlessly taxis in circles. Indians come running from every direction. Walsh shoves the Duke back towards the general store. Indians surround them angrily. SHOUTING. Walsh pulls out his .45. Points it in every direction. It gets quiet fast.

WALSH
Shut the fuck up! All of ya!

He moves through the circle, dragging the Duke by his collar.

WALSH
(to the Duke)
Let me tell you about the coffee shop I'm gonna open after I dump you off and collect my hundred grand. You're gonna love it. Maybe when you get out, if they don't kill you first, you can come pay me a visit.

They approach Billy's pick-up truck. Walsh points the gun at Billy.

WALSH
Give me the keys the truck.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONT'D (2) 194

Billy complies. Walsh takes the keys and cuffs the Duke inside the truck.

WALSH
Hey, maybe I'll even call it "Duke's Place". Y'know. Out of respect to you.

Walsh gets in behind the wheel. Fires it up. Roars off.

195 EXT. ROAD - DAY 195

The truck barrels down the road.

196 INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY 196

Walsh sits behind the wheel angry. The Duke at his side.

THE DUKE
Jack. Let's be fair about this. You lied to me, too. At the river you promised to let me go.

WALSH
You lied to me first.

THE DUKE
Yes. But the river was before you knew I had lied to you. So, that really doesn't count. Don't you think, Jack?

WALSH
What?

THE DUKE
It's wrong that I lied to you. But you had no knowledge that I was lying about my aziophobia when we were in the river, when you lied to me.

WALSH
I can't even argue with you. I don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

A town is up ahead. Walsh is gripping his stomach.

WALSH
Ah, shit!

THE DUKE
Have you got an ulcer, Jack?

(CONTINUED)

196 CONT'D 196

WALSH
Yes, I've got an ulcer! A big fuckin' ulcer! And all your bullshit is startin' to make it bleed again.

THE DUKE
We better get something to coat it.

WALSH
I need somethin' to eat! That's what I need!

THE DUKE
I can take care of that.

197 EXT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S - DAY 197

The truck slows to a stop.

198 INT. TRUCK - DAY 198

Walsh looks at the coffee shop. Looks at the Duke.

WALSH
Now what?

THE DUKE
Give me that FBI badge.

Walsh hesitates.

THE DUKE
Do you want to eat or not?

Walsh studies him for a moment.

199 INT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S RESTAURANT - DAY 199

The Duke bursts in the front door followed by Walsh. Makes his way to the CASHIER. The Duke speaks with urgency.

THE DUKE
I want to speak to the manager, immediately.

CASHIER
(taken aback)
Alright, just a minute, sir.

She calls over the MANAGER. Walsh and the Duke lock eyes.

MANAGER
May I help you?

(CONTINUED)

199 CONT'D 199

THE DUKE
(flashing badge)
Alonzo Mosely, FBI. My partner and I have been tracking a ring of counterfeiters who have been passing phony one-hundred dollar bills throughout the state. Have you received any hundred dollar bills in the last couple of hours?

MANAGER
I received one just twenty minutes ago.

THE DUKE
(to Cashier)
Would you mind opening the register, please.

The manager gives a nod of approval. The cashier complies.

THE DUKE
(to Cashier)
Let me see all of them.

She reaches for the bills. The Duke stops her.

THE DUKE
No, no! Don't touch them!

Walsh uses a paper napkin to take the bills from the cash register. The Duke clears the counter and proceeds to lay the bills out methodically. The employees look on attentively.

THE DUKE
(snapping fingers)
Give me that pencil.

The cashier hands over her pencil to the Duke. He slides the bills and pencil over to Walsh.

THE DUKE
Check all of these.

Walsh does a series of "tests" on the bills. Erasing. Holding bills up to the light. Occasionally making eye contact with the Duke.

THE DUKE
How are we doing?

WALSH
This one's bad.

Walsh puts it aside. The manager eyeballs their attire.

(CONTINUED)

199 CONT'D (2) 199

MANAGER
You guys look like you've been through the ringer.

WALSH
You don't know the half of it.
(looking at the Duke)
This one's bad, too.

The Duke speaks with great urgency again.

THE DUKE
I want you to describe, exactly, what the person who handed you this bill looked like.

CASHIER
It was a man. About thirty. Tall.

THE DUKE
Oh yeah? About six feet tall?

CASHIER
Yeah.

THE DUKE
What color was his hair?

CASHIER
Brown.

WALSH
Sounds like our man.

THE DUKE
(to manager)
I want you to call all the other restaurants in the area and advise them of the situation.
(to Walsh)
If we move fast we might be able to nail him.
(grabbing money)
We have to take this for evidence.
(to Walsh)
Make sure they get a receipt for this.

Walsh scribbles a bogus receipt on a scratch pad next to the register. Hands it to the manager.

WALSH
It's as good as gold.

THE DUKE
We'll be back. Thanks for your cooperation.

200 EXT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S - DAY 200

Walsh and the Duke strain to maintain their poise as they exit the Howard Johnson's and hurry across the street into a 7-Eleven.

201 EXT. 7-ELEVEN - DAY 201

Walsh and the Duke can be seen through the windows inside of the store. In the middle of a shopping spree. Walsh stuffs his face as he goes for sandwiches, beer, doughnuts, etc. The Duke goes for fruit and cereal. They pay for their goods. Exit. As they walk down the street, they RIP into the bags like hungry dogs. They HEAR the RINGING of a railroad crossing. Down the street, a freight train BLOWS its WHISTLE as it rumbles through the center of town at fifteen miles per hour.

WALSH
(chewing)
Come on. We're catchin' this train.

Walsh shoves the Duke. Both carry their bags of food.

THE DUKE
I can't do this.

WALSH
You also couldn't fly. Start running.

They run along side an open boxcar.

202 EXT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S - DAY 202

With a perplexed look, the Manager watches through the window as the two "FBI agents" run for the freight train.

203 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY 203

The Duke tosses his bag of food into it. Then hoists himself aboard. Walsh starts to lose his footing. He drops all of his food. Beer EXPLODES. Doughnuts and sandwiches go flying.

WALSH
Ah, shit!

204 EXT. HOWARD JOHNSON'S - DAY 204

Somewhat confused, the Manager turns and picks up a telephone. Dials.

205 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY 205

The train starts picking up speed. Walsh can't keep up with the car. The Duke does nothing to help. He just crouches and watches from the open boxcar.

(CONTINUED)

205 CONT'D 205

WALSH
Give me your hand!

THE DUKE
(sarcastically)
Do you promise to let me go?

WALSH
Goddamnit, give me your hand!

The Duke doesn't budge.

THE DUKE
See you in the next life, Jack!

Walsh reaches out. Manages to grab on to a ladder on the side of the car. Hoists himself aboard.

206 EXT. TRAIN CARS - DAY 206

Walsh stretches towards the boxcar's open door. The Duke slams it shut. Walsh starts banging on the door.

WALSH
(screaming)
You son of a bitch! You're gonna have to come out of there some time and I'm gonna be waiting here!

The train starts picking up speed. Walsh is getting unnerved.

WALSH
You're only making it harder on yourself, making me stay out here!

After a few expectant beats, the large door slowly slides open, revealing an angel-eyed Duke. Walsh reaches into the car and pulls himself inside.

207 INT. BOXCAR - DAY 207

Walsh is completely out of breath. The boxcar is near empty. As Walsh dusts himself off, the Duke sits on a couple of small flimsy crates stacked against the wall. Walsh walks over next to him. Kicks the bottom crate out with a powerful sideswipe. The Duke and the crates CRASH to the floor.

WALSH
And don't you forget it.

Walsh walks over to the far end of the boxcar and sits quietly. Stares down the Duke from across the car.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONT'D 207

WALSH
I ain't talkin' to you for the rest of this trip.

THE DUKE
That's adolescent. Don't you think, Jack?

208 INT. AMARILLO POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 208

Dorfler sits at a small desk in a naked room. He's tired, dirty and nervous. Chain smoking. A SHERIFF and two COPS enter. Dorfler rises.

DORFLER
Hey, are you guys gonna let me go? I'm tellin' ya, I don't know anythin'.

Mosely enters. Followed by Perry, Tuttle and Plumides.

MOSELY
Is that a fact.

DORFLER
Oh, shit.

Mosely grabs Dorfler's pack of cigarettes. Takes one. Lights it. Pockets the pack.

DORFLER
Yeah, yeah. Help yourself.

MOSELY
Where are they?

DORFLER
You got me.

Mosely turns. KICKS the chair out from under Dorfler. Dorfler hits the floor. Perry lurches forward.

PERRY
Inspector...

MOSELY
Shut up!

Mosely picks up Dorfler. Tosses him at the table. Breaking it. Dorfler rolls to the floor.

MOSELY
I want some answers and I want them now.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONT'D 208

Mosely picks up Dorfler. Grabs the chair. Shoves him into it. A Sheriff enters and whispers something to Tuttle.

DORFLER
I don't know nothing. They went down the river. They could be dead, for all I know.

Tuttle meekly approaches Mosely.

TUTTLE
Sir?

MOSELY
(snapping)
What?

TUTTLE
(whispering)
It seems that an 'Agent Alonzo Mosely' and his 'partner' were seen hopping a westbound freight train near Channing.

209 EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT 209

The freight train barrels through the moonlit night.

210 INT. BOXCAR - NIGHT 210

Still at opposite ends of the car, Walsh and the Duke are curled up trying to resist the cold.

THE DUKE
C'mon, Jack. Don't be a baby. Are you going to sulk the rest of the trip?

Walsh doesn't answer.

THE DUKE
Do you want to know when I knew I had you pegged?

Still no response.

THE DUKE
The very first second we were in the car in New York. For some reason, I noticed your watch. An old Timex. Scratched. Cracked. But you hang on to it, don't you? Even when a new watch would do better by you.

The Duke speaks the truth. Suddenly Walsh appears vulnerable.

210 CONT'D 210

THE DUKE
Let me guess. It was a present. Someone gave it to you about twenty years ago.

Walsh doesn't answer.

THE DUKE
You're sentimental. You hold memories as something precious. You have a desire to do what's right. I knew you wouldn't force me to fly.

Walsh gently looks at his watch.

WALSH
Gail bought me this. It was the first thing she ever got me. I was always a half hour late when we were dating. So, she bought me this watch and set it a half an hour fast so I'd never be late.

The Duke is silent.

WALSH
Somewhere in the back of my mind, I still imagine that we're gonna end up together. I'm still waiting. Hangin' on.

THE DUKE
I don't think she's coming back.

WALSH
I don't, either.
(a beat)
The bitch.

211 INT. FRONT DESK, AMARILLO POLICE STATION - NIGHT 211

Dorfler is handed his belongings in a paper bag by a DESK SERGEANT.

DORFLER
Yeah. Accommodations were wonderful. You gotta cigarette?

DESK SERGEANT
Don't smoke.

(CONTINUED)

211 CONT'D 211

DORFLER
That Fed took my cigarettes.
(leaning in)
Where did everybody go?

DESK SERGEANT
They took off.
(smiling)
You want your cigarettes? You'll have to go to Flagstaff.
(starts laughing)
Because that's where your pal Mosely went.

Dorfler laughs with him.

DORFLER
I just might do that.

212 EXT. MOUNTAIN RAILROAD TRACKS, ARIZONA - DAWN 212

The train moves through the Arizona desert. The sun is just peeking over distant mountains. The landscape is bathed in a deep red hue.

213 INT. BOXCAR - DAWN 213

Walsh is crouched in the open doorway, smoking. Looking at the sun. He flicks his cigarette butt into the wind. Walsh turns. Notices that the Duke is setting up his breakfast. He tears open the paper bag. Uses it as a place mat. Lays out fruit. A box of high-fiber cereal. A quart of non-fat milk.

THE DUKE
Jack. Would you care to breakfast with me?

The Duke pulls out some packaged cakes.

THE DUKE
I think these are yours anyway, Jack. I know I didn't buy any Ho-Ho's or Suzy-Q's.

Walsh looks at the Duke's bruised face.

WALSH
I'm sorry I hit you.

The Duke shrugs it off. Walsh moves next to him. The Duke hands him the cakes.

THE DUKE
Do you know where we are?

(CONTINUED)

213 CONT'D 213

WALSH
We've been going west all night. My guess is Arizona. We're almost home.

THE DUKE
I'm almost dead.

WALSH
The witness protection program isn't so bad. They'll give you a new name. You'll have a new life.

THE DUKE
Jack, do me a favor, O.K.? Don't play this big brother routine with me because it really insults my intelligence. The only thing important to you about me is getting your money.

WALSH
I'm tired of you making me out to be some kind of thug whose only concern is a big chunk of change. Did you know that Florio's people offered me a million bucks for you?

THE DUKE
Why don't you just go for the big money, Jack? You're doing his work for him either way.

WALSH
You don't know what the fuck you're talking about. The reason I do this shit is because I didn't want to work for that low-life. You remember that big dealer I was trying to bring down in Chicago? That was Florio, alright? Now, you know everything. Are you happy?

THE DUKE
He's the reason you left Chicago? And you're taking me in? Are you out of your mind? You want me to speak your language, Jack? You let that mother-fucker beat you! With what you know about police work and what I know about Florio's operation, we should be able to put <u>him</u> away for thirty years.

WALSH
I'm not in that business anymore.

(CONTINUED)

213 CONT'D (2) 213

THE DUKE
I'm a goddamn accountant and I tried to get him. You're this big macho guy, with your guns and all your bullshit and you're backing away?

Walsh opens himself up like he has never before.

WALSH
I just don't have it in me.

THE DUKE
You're a coward, Jack.

214 EXT. BOXCAR - DAY - LATER 214

The city of Flagstaff is in the distance. The train begins to slow down. Walsh leans out of the car. Eyeballing it.

WALSH
We're gettin' off here. Just in case.

They both get up. Wait for the right moment.

WALSH
You first, wise guy.

The Duke jumps. Walsh follows. They tumble through the high grass. Roll to a stop. Endless boxcars THUNDER past them.

215 INT. FLAGSTAFF TRAIN DEPOT - DAY 215

A few minutes later. The train is now stationery. The door is SWUNG OPEN. HARD.

A SERIES OF CUTS

Of boxcars being opened. One after another. FEDS and COPS are all over the train in greater numbers than ever before. Mosely's car pulls up. He gets out. Perry, Tuttle and Plumides follow suit. Mosely approaches a Flagstaff POLICE CAPTAIN.

MOSELY
Inspector Mosely. Find anything?

POLICE CAPTAIN
Not yet.

Mosely walks away with determination. His men follow.

PERRY
They could have jumped off the train anywhere along the line.

215 CONT'D 215

MOSELY
Walsh isn't playing with a lot of time. He took this train as far as he could.

216 EXT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY 216

Dorfler cruises over a bridge. Below him is the train depot. He slows and spots the slew of police cars below him. Watches as they continue conducting the search of the box cars.

217 EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY 217

Some pick-up trucks with Arizona plates. Walsh and the Duke are cuffed again. Sneaking along, they approach a Jeep CJ-7 decked for off-road use.

WALSH
Arizona plates. Do I know my shit or what?

Walsh moves around to the passenger side of the Jeep. The door is unlocked. He opens it.

218 INT. JEEP - DAY 218

He proceeds to hotwire the vehicle. The engine CRANKS and FIRES. Walsh pushes the Duke across the passenger side. Cuffs him to the roll bar. Hops in.

219 EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - DAY 219

As Walsh ROARS away, the OWNER of the Jeep exits the store. His jaw drops as his Jeep passes him and tears off down the road.

220 INT. JEEP - DAY 220

Walsh tools down the road. The Duke staring ahead. An occasional building passes by as they move to the outskirts of town. Fields and mountains ahead.

THE DUKE
Where are we going?

WALSH
To the next fuckin' airport.

A police cars comes up behind him. Hits its lights. SIREN. Starts coming up fast.

WALSH
Shit!

(CONTINUED)

220 CONT'D 220

Walsh jams it. The truck lurches with life. Suddenly, a second police car is moving like a bat out of hell from the opposite direction. Sirens WAILING. Light blazing.

THE DUKE
You're not going to be happy until you get us both killed.

WALSH
I came too far. I'm too close.

221 EXT. ROAD - DAY 221

A cop car ahead, skids to a stop, blocking the road. Walsh SCREAMS off the pavement. Driving on to the shoulder. Clods of earth kick up. Walsh SCRAPES the cop car and moves right back on to the road. The car chasing Walsh tries the same trick. Doesn't make it. SMACKS hard into the police car blocking the road.

222 EXT. FLAGSTAFF TRAIN DEPOT - DAY 222

COPS. FEDS. Everyone is running for their cars. Cars SCREECH out in all directions. The police captain runs up to Mosely, Perry, Tuttle and Plumides.

POLICE CAPTAIN
(shouting above the noise)
Follow me to the chopper!

223 EXT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY 223

From the bridge, Dorfler watches the excitement unfold. He smiles, knowing that Walsh and the Duke must be nearby. He gets back into his car and follows the procession of speeding police and Federal cars.

224 INT. JEEP - DAY 224

Walsh has got it to the floor. They move more and more into the country. Dirt roads cross the plains.

WALSH
How many fuckin' cops can they have in this town?

Walsh checks the rear view mirror. More than a dozen police and Federal cars are behind them. The Duke notices several police cars ROARING down the dirt road on their right. Walsh turns. At least a dozen more are on his left. They seem to be coming from everywhere.

225 EXT. ROAD - DAY 225

Walsh tears by. The cop cars from the right and left sides converge onto Walsh's road. The two dented cop cars from behind come up fast in pursuit. It's a carnival of SIRENS and BLAZING LIGHTS.

226 INT. JEEP - DAY 226

THE DUKE
I know you can do it, Jack!

Walsh spots the worst sight, yet. A slew of Federal cars coming at him from ahead. He surrounded. There's no way he's getting around this. He turns the wheel hard.

227 EXT. FIELD - DAY 227

The Jeep skids off the road. SMASHES through fence posts. Rips into the field. Jumps a hill. Lands and keeps going. The Cops and Feds swerve off the road in pursuit.

228 EXT. ROAD - DAY 228

Dorfler slows, as his car passes the spot where Walsh crashed through the fence. The place is crawling with cops and Feds. Cautious not to be observed, he keeps moving.

229 EXT. FIELD - DAY 229

Walsh shifts it into four-wheel-drive. SLAMS up a hill. Missing trees. Rocks. The cop cars can't keep up. A helicopter ROARS overhead.

230 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 230

Mosely sits alongside the PILOT. Looking down at the terrain with binoculars. Behind him sit Perry, Tuttle and Plumides. Below, the fields are filled with the tangle of police and Federal cars. The hill approaches. Mosely taps the pilot.

MOSELY
(to pilot)
Check the other side.

231 EXT. HILL - DAY 231

The Jeep ROARS over the peak. Starts bouncing down the other side. It's very steep. PLOWING through brush. Picking up speed. A group of farmhouses are clustered below.

232 INT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY 232

Dorfler follows the chopper with his eyes as it heads for the group of hills. The chopper obviously has an overview so Dorfler decides to follow it.

233 EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY 233

Dorfler makes a turn onto a dirt road, ROARING past the group of farmhouses. Slows. Checks the position of the helicopter, then keeps moving.

234 INT. JEEP - DAY 234

Coming down a hill, Walsh realizes he's not going to make it. He loses control of the Jeep.

235 EXT. HILL - DAY 235

The Jeep SKIDS. SLAMS sideways into a group of trees. Walsh climbs out. Uncuffs the Duke from the rollbar. They start running for the farmhouses. The chopper is coming. They drop into the high grass. The chopper moves past them. Back towards the hill.

236 INT. HELICOPTER - DAY 236

Mosely, with eagle eyes, spots something.

MOSELY
There's the jeep.

It's nearly buried in trees and brush.

MOSELY
(to pilot)
Try the farm. Close to the ground.

237 EXT. ROAD - DAY 237

The chopper moves towards the farmhouses. Walsh and the Duke move through the high grass to a thicket of trees on the roadside. Two Federal cars ROAR past them. Followed by two local cop cars. Walsh's eyes sweep the road. Next is a passenger car. One person at the wheel. Walsh grabs his .45. Runs into the road. Flags down the car. The Duke recognizes the driver.

THE DUKE
Jack! Don't! It's Dorfler!

238 INT. MAX DORFLER'S CAR - DAY 238

Dorfler, at the wheel, can't believe what he sees. There is a God. He floors it. Heads for Walsh. Opens the car door. WHACKS him. Walsh bounces to the concrete. Dorfler gets out. The Duke starts running for the woods.

239 EXT. CREEK - DAY 239

It looks like paradise. A trickling creek. Surrounded by aspens. Sunlight streaming down. The Duke slides down the embankment. SPLASHES through the creek. Dorfler follows him. Chasing hard. Tackles him. Lands several punches. The Duke swings back. Dorfler overpowers him. Pins him into the creek. Lands several more punches. Yanks him to his feet.

240 EXT. ROAD - DAY 240

Walsh is slowly coming around. Winded. Bruised. Dorfler yanks the Duke up the embankment. Across the road. Quickly opens the trunk. Shoves the Duke inside. SLAMS the trunk closed. An uncomprehending Walsh takes a feeble swing at Dorfler. Dorfler right hooks Walsh. Walsh stumbles. Dorfler hits him again. Walsh falls backwards, several feet, over the embankment.

241 EXT. CREEK - DAY 241

Walsh tumbles down the embankment to the banks of the creek. He's out cold. Dorfler can be heard SCREECHING away in the car. Walsh is still. The continuous roar of the chopper seems to fade away. He slowly comes to. Looks at the creek before him. Slightly confounded at finding himself in such a heavenly setting. Stares at clear water TRICKLING over rocks and stone.

242 EXT. "EAT" DINER - SUNSET 242

A gentle cut. Peaceful. Almost dream-like. Wind gently rocks the "EAT" sign. It's rusty hinges SQUEAK. The dirt parking lot is empty. Walsh moves down the road. Approaches the diner.

243 INT. "EAT" DINER - SUNSET 243

Walsh enters. Dirty. Ragged. The DINER OWNER, a quiet matronly woman, is behind the counter. Walsh moves over to her. She barely moves. Just checks him out.

DINER OWNER
Bad day, huh?

WALSH
Bad week.

DINER OWNER
I know what you mean.

WALSH
I could use a cup of coffee.

DINER OWNER
I think I could arrange that.

(CONTINUED)

243 CONT'D 243

He achingly sits at the counter. The Diner Owner places a mug before Walsh. Pours coffee. Walsh nods his thanks. Picks up the mug. Blows on it gently. Is about to take a sip. SUDDENLY, a pair of sunglasses SLIDES the length of the counter, coming to rest in front of Walsh. He doesn't budge. Just stares at them. He puts down the mug. Picks up the sunglasses. Knows what's coming without looking. He looks anyway. Standing at the end of the counter is Mosely.

WALSH
I've been lookin' all over for these.

Walsh turns. Through the window, in the lot, are twenty police cars. Federal cars. Lights turning. Police RADIOS gently BLABBERING.

244 EXT. FLAGSTAFF AIRPORT - DAY 244

Dorfler and the Duke pull up to the small airport.

245 INT. DORFLER'S CAR - DAY 245

The Duke eyes the planes on the runway. Turns to Dorfler.

THE DUKE
I can't do this. I have a very serious fear of flying.

Without losing a beat, Dorfler right-hooks the Duke.

246 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, FLAGSTAFF POLICE STATION - NIGHT 246

Walsh is on the hot seat. Smoking. Mosely sits opposite him. Perry, Tuttle and Plumides stand around Walsh. Also several high ranking LOCAL COPS. Walsh glances at his watch. It's a quarter to seven.

MOSELY
Forget about your time clock, Walsh. It's over. That's how that one went.

WALSH
I know my rights. You owe me some phone calls.

MOSELY
What should be of paramount importance to you, right now, is the ten years you're going to get for impersonating a Federal agent.

WALSH
Ten years for impersonating a Fed? How come no one's after you?

(CONTINUED)

246 CONT'D 246

MOSELY
You don't know when to quit.

WALSH
I know one thing. I know my rights.
And by law, you owe me phone calls.
I ain't sayin' shit 'til I get them.

Mosely gives in.

MOSELY
Give him his calls.

Perry and two local cops escort Walsh out of the room.

247 INT. SQUAD ROOM - FLAGSTAFF POLICE STATION - NIGHT 247

Crowded with Cops and Feds. Walsh dials. Waits.

248 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 248

Jerry grabs the phone.

JERRY
Joe Nardone, bail bondsman.

INTERCUT WALSH AND NARDONE'S OFFICE

WALSH
It's Walsh. Give me Nardone.

Jerry nearly drops the phone. He turns.

JERRY
Joe. Pick it up. It's Jack!

Nardone rushes for the phone. Picks it up. Nervous as hell. Jerry listens on the extension as usual.

NARDONE
I hope you're gettin' close, 'cause
you only got five hours.

WALSH
No, I'm not, Joe. But, I'm callin'
to let you know that you're a dead man,
you lying son of a bitch. You put
Dorfler on this fuckin' thing...

Nardone's nervousness turns to rage.

(CONTINUED)

248 CONT'D 248

NARDONE
Well, I should kill you. You stupid son of a bitch! You had the guy five days ago. What the hell are you joy ridin' cross country for? And are you nuts, tellin' Dorfler that I was givin' you a hundred grand when I offered him twenty-five? He just called me up yellin' and screamin'. And why the hell can't you get the Duke here in five hours?

WALSH
(confused)
When did you speak to Dorfler?

NARDONE
Five minutes ago. He told me to go fuck myself. What the hell difference does it make?

RESUME WALSH

Nardone continues yelling. Walsh slowly lowers the phone, hanging it up on Nardone. He thinks. It doesn't make sense. His wheels are turning. Then he quickly reaches into his wallet. Pulls out the slip of paper that Tony and Joey gave him in New York. The card is stained from the adventure in the rapids. Numbers have faded. But it's still there. Walsh dials it. It's a million to one shot. Someone picks up on the other end.

MALE VOICE (V.O)
Hello?

WALSH
(slowly)
Yeah. Is Tony or Joey there?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Who's this?

Walsh thinks for a second. It's a million-to-one shot...

WALSH
Dorfler.

The voice relaxes.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Sure, Max, hang on. I'm gonna forward your call.

Walsh's heart rate goes up. Dorfler's gone dirty.

249 INT. VEGAS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 249

Joey picks up the phone.

JOEY
(into phone)
Max?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

Walsh's eyes widen. He recognizes the voice.

WALSH
No, it's Jack Walsh. So, Dorfler's workin' for you guys now.

JOEY
What are you complainin' for? We came to you first.

Tony comes out of the bathroom. Joey turns and covers the phone.

JOEY
It's Jack Walsh.

Tony takes the phone.

TONY
Hey, too late scumbag...

WALSH
No, too late for you. I didn't come this far not to collect my money. I want the Duke back.

TONY
So what the fuck are you telling me for?

WALSH
What am I telling you for? Because I've got some of the Duke's belongings, that's why. Including some computer disks that have every last detail of Florio's businesses and money laundering operations, and if I don't get him back in the next two hours I'm gonna turn them over to the Feds.

TONY
I'll blow your fuckin' brains out.

WALSH
How are you gonna do that from jail?

(CONTINUED)

249 CONT'D 249

No answer from Tony.

WALSH
(continuing)
You tell Florio, I wanna meet him with the Duke alone in two hours, in the main terminal of McCarran Airport, where we'll make the exchange. I know he's the only one of you guys who won't try to take a shot at me in a public place. If I see one single goon within a mile of that airport, the deals off and I'm goin' to the Feds.

TONY
I ain't gonna tell him that.

WALSH
Fine. After he's busted I'll make sure to tell him you knew about it beforehand. That's two hours from now. Main terminal, McCarran airport. You got that, moron? Have a nice day.

Walsh hangs up, wondering how he's going to dig himself out of this. The SOUNDS of the police station come back to him. He turns locks eyes with Perry.

PERRY
What was that?

WALSH
Where's Mosely? I wanna make a deal.

PERRY
(calling)
Inspector!

Mosely moves through the cops. Comes up to Walsh.

WALSH
What would you do if I could deliver you Florio?

MOSELY
How do you mean "deliver?"

WALSH
Well... for starters, conspiracy to destroy government evidence.

MOSELY
What government evidence?

249 CONT'D (2) 249

WALSH
Would you let me take the Duke in myself and collect my money?

Mosely can see that Walsh is serious.

MOSELY
Tell me more.

WALSH
Well, I'll have to tell you on the way because we've got to be in Las Vegas in two hours.

250 EXT. GOLDEN BOY MOTEL - NIGHT 250

Dorfler scurries with a newspaper and paper bag towards the motel.

251 INT. ROOM - GOLDEN BOY MOTEL - NIGHT 251

Dorfler enters. Tears open the bag. Opens a package containing a new Polaroid Camera. Slams in package of film. Flashbulbs. With the newspaper under his arm, he heads for the bathroom.

252 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 252

The Duke is cuffed to the pipe under the sink. Dorfler forces the Duke to hold up the paper.

DORFLER
Hold that up. So they'll know that I took these today. See? I got it all figured out. Say "cheese."

Dorfler starts snapping off pictures.

THE DUKE
Don't do this, Max.

Dorfler scoops the images off the tile floor. They're coming to life. He pockets them.

DORFLER
Adios.

Dorfler exits. The Duke can HEAR him leave.

253 EXT. GULFSTREAM JET - NIGHT 253

The FBI Gulfstream jet flies above the desert bathed in moonlight.

254 INT. GULFSTREAM JET - NIGHT 254

Mosely and his men listen to Walsh.

PERRY
If he takes those disks, even though they're blank, that's the overt act, correct?

Mosely is about to answer. Walsh cuts him off.

WALSH
If he just sets foot in the airport, he's committed an overt act. Conspiracy to obstruct justice.

The agents listen attentively.

WALSH
If he shows up with the Duke, you can add kidnapping. If he shows up with anyone packing a gun, you can add conspiracy to commit murder. The fact that it's an airport...
(to Mosely)
...Alonzo, correct me if you think I'm wrong here...
(back to Perry)
...you can slap an ITAR rap on him as well.

PERRY
Do you think he'll show?

WALSH
Oh, he'll show. He's got no choice.

Mosely is impressed.

MOSELY
(to Perry re: Walsh)
Get a wire on him.

255 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 255

The lights of Las Vegas twinkle in the distance. Dorfler's car swings into the lot. He looks around. Still sporting their bruises, Tony and Joey get out of their car and move towards him.

TONY
Max?

(CONTINUED)

255 CONT'D 255

DORFLER
Yeah.
(a beat)
Hey, look I'm sorry about what happened back at the Western Union Office. You can imagine my embarassment when I found out who you were. I didn't mean to hit you. It was just one of those things. You know. Like a spur of the moment. You know I'd never pull any shit like that.

JOEY
What the fuck took you?

DORFLER
I made a quick stop.

TONY
(looking around)
Where is he?

DORFLER
Where's my money?

TONY
It's in the car. Where is he?

DORFLER
Slight change of plans. Now I want <u>two</u> million dollars. I read the newspapers, ya know. This guy got you for fifteen million. So, I figured he's gotta be worth at least two to ya. You can't play me for a chump.

TONY
(holding back rage)
How do we know you've got him?

Dorfler reaches into his shirt pocket. Hands over the Polaroids. Tony starts flipping through them. Joey leans in.

DORFLER
A million now. Then I call you in twenty minutes. Tell you where to drop off the second million. Once I know it's there, I tell you where he is.

Tony stops flipping through the photos. Pushes Joey aside.

DORFLER
Okay?

(CONTINUED)

255 CONT'D (2) 255

TONY
Not okay.

Something is definitely wrong. Tony pulls out his .38.

DORFLER
(vulnerably)
What?

TONY
Nice try, asshole.

Tony FIRES. The car interior illuminates with the light of each bullet. Dorfler slumps in his seat.

JOEY
What the fuck did you do that for?

Tony shows the Polaroids to Joey.

TONY
Look.

256 INSERT POLAROID 256

The Duke is cuffed to the sink. Holding the paper. Several motel towels with the "Golden Boy" logo decorate the bathroom.

RESUME SCENE

Tony and Joey head back for their car.

257 INT. FLORIO'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 257

Florio gives instructions to a few BODYGUARDS. Lyman paces nervously.

FLORIO
I want ten of our best people and I don't want any fuck-ups this time. As soon as I get ahold of these things, I want them both dropped.

LYMAN
I don't think you should do this.

A bodyguard helps Florio with his coat.

FLORIO
Oh, you don't? What do you propose I do?

(CONTINUED)

257 CONT'D 257

LYMAN
Send Daruvo with a cash offer. Give this guy whatever the hell he wants but don't do this.

FLORIO
Walsh won't take any money from me. He knows I'd come and get it an hour later. In his mind this is clean. He gets what he wants. I get what I want. The guy's a fuckin' burn-out. He just wants his money.

LYMAN
Jimmy, listen...

Florio turns and heads for the door with his goons.

FLORIO
See you later, Sid.

258 INT. STARLIGHT CASINO GARAGE - NIGHT 258

The elevator doors open revealing Florio, the four bodyguards with him. They move with purpose, almost in step, heading for Florio's limousine. A PARKING ATTENDANT watches them as they pass and then turns, picking up a walkie-talkie.

PARKING ATTENDANT
They're coming your way.

Florio's limousine pulls out and moves up to street level.

259 EXT. VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT 259

The limousine moves into traffic. Suddenly two FBI cars, one parked at the curb, the other from the front of the casino, come to life and move off in pursuit. As Florio's limousine passes a cross street, another FBI car makes a U-turn as if from nowhere and joins in the surveillance.

260 INT. FBI CAR - NIGHT 260

Four AGENTS. One speaks into the radio.

AGENT
We're on him.

261 INT. GULFSTREAM JET - NIGHT 261

They approach the lights of Vegas. Everyone is strapping in. Perry is checking the wire Walsh is wearing. Plumides lights Walsh's cigarette. Mosely talks into a speakerphone.

(CONTINUED)

261 CONT'D 261

MOSELY
This is Mosely.

AGENT (V.O.)
Florio's just left and is heading west on Vegas Boulevard.

Walsh smiles. Mosely notices.

MOSELY
Why are you smiling?

WALSH
I feel like a cop again.

262 EXT. GULFSTREAM JET - NIGHT 262

The Gulfstream jet touches down and THUNDERS towards the far end of the airport, roaring to a stop. Mosely, Perry, Tuttle, Plumides and Walsh descend the steps of the Gulfstream jet. Several FBI and police cars are discreetly parked nearby. Walsh is directed by the agents towards the main terminal.

263 EXT. MC CARRAN AIRPORT - NIGHT 263

Florio's limo pulls up in front, followed by the FBI cars which duck out of sight. Tony and Joey get out of their car with the Duke, who is white as a ghost. He turns and locks eyes with Florio, who approaches him.

FLORIO
So we finally meet. I'm in the presence of greatness. "The Duke." A man who robs from the scum of the earth and gives to the unfortunates of society.

TONY
We better do this quick. We had to pop Dorfler in a parking lot.

The Duke hears it. No big surprise, either.

FLORIO
(to the Duke)
Why don't you tell me all about these computer disks that Walsh is bringing?

The Duke slowly begins to realize that there might be some hope.

264 INT. TERMINAL - NIGHT 264

Walsh walks through the crowded terminal. He moves from one of the arms of McCarran to the gorgeous glass main terminal. His eyes scan the place. No agents in sight. No sign of Florio or the Duke. Walsh crosses the terminal, heading for the center where he can be clearly seen. A few of Florio's BODYGUARDS enter, glance at Walsh, fan out into the crowd. Walsh pulls the last cigarette out of a pack and lights it. More HITMEN enter and spread out on the upper deck. Walsh, looking at his watch, doesn't notice them. He takes a drag and stops.

Out of a sea of faces, Florio appears in the doorway at the far end of the terminal. At a distance, Walsh and Florio eye each other. A few heartbeats later, the Duke appears beside Florio. Together, they head for Walsh. The three of them come face to face. Florio looks at Walsh's ragged appearance.

FLORIO
Well, Jack, I see you still spend all your money on clothes.

WALSH
(to the Duke)
You okay, John?

THE DUKE
I'm all right. They killed Dorfler.

Walsh takes it hard. Tony and Joey appear on the upper level looking down. The other HIT MEN watch attentively.

FLORIO
You're still too serious, Jack.

WALSH
(to the Duke)
Step away.

The Duke moves behind Walsh.

FLORIO
Maybe if we had done business way back, you wouldn't look like a guy with a fuckin' cup in his hand.

Walsh takes the insult quietly.

FLORIO
You got the disks or did you lose them too? Like your job.

Walsh holds out the disks.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONT'D 264

FLORIO
By the way, I always meant to ask you, how did it feel to lose your wife to another cop?

WALSH
You know, there's something I've been wanting to say to you for ten years.

Florio takes them.

FLORIO
Oh, yeah? What's that?

Pockets them.

WALSH
You're under arrest.

Suddenly, Feds appear from absolutely everywhere, pointing guns at Florio. The air resounds with a million clicks. As Tony, Joey, the other Hitmen reach for guns, they are all quickly and quietly pinned by more Feds. The terminal falls SILENT. Walsh stares down Florio.

FLORIO
What the fuck is this?

WALSH
(shrugging)
Forty to life.

THE DUKE
(sincerely impressed)
Front row.

Agents descend on Florio, handcuffing him. Mosely turns to Walsh. For the first time his government facade slips away. Walsh smiles. The Duke turns to Walsh.

THE DUKE
I'm very proud of you, Jack. I didn't mean to call you a coward. I was just trying to motivate you, that's all.

WALSH
That's okay, John.

Walsh cuffs the Duke.

THE DUKE
What are you doing?

264 CONT'D (2) 264

WALSH
We've still got two and a half hours to get you to L.A.

Walsh leads the uncomprehending Duke away through the crowd of Federal agents and spectators.

265 INT. 727 JET - NIGHT 265

Walsh and the Duke, both deep in thought, sit quietly as the plane approaches L.A.

266 P.O.V. OF 727 - NIGHT 266

The Los Angeles skyline beckons. The runway lights are approaching. It has a dream-like quality. Jet engines WHINE. The runway swallows up the SCREEN. The plane TOUCHES down.

267 INT. WESTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT 267

Looking like the absolute ends of the earth, Walsh and the Duke shuffle out of the boarding ramp to the upstairs terminal. Walsh slips the cuffs around the Duke's wrist. They cross the terminal and move quietly.

268 INT. DOWNSTAIRS TERMINAL - NIGHT 268

Walsh and the Duke ride the escalator down. They move towards the front door. Walsh stops near a bank of pay phones. Turns to the Duke.

WALSH
When I took this job, I figured I'd never make it. Not in a million years. But for a hundred grand, I had to give it a try.
(a beat)
If you had your way, what would you do? Where would you go?

THE DUKE
Mexico. Call Dana, my wife. Have her collect whatever money we've got stashed. Meet me in Mazatlan. Nobody would bother us and we'd live well down there.

WALSH
Drink margueritas and watch the sun go down?

THE DUKE
Every single night.

(CONTINUED)

268 CONT'D 268

Walsh starts to punch a number into a pay phone.

WALSH
That coffee shop would've been nice.

269 INT. NARDONE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 269

The phone is ringing. Nardone picks it up. He is alone.

NARDONE
Joe Nardone, bail bondsman.

INTERCUT WALSH AND NARDONE

WALSH
Hey, Joe, where's Jerry?

NARDONE
The Feds picked him up twenty minutes ago.

WALSH
What for?

NARDONE
What's the difference? I never trusted that guy. Where the hell are you?

WALSH
I'm in L.A. with the Duke. You want to say hello?

Walsh puts the phone to the Duke's face.

THE DUKE
Hello.

WALSH
(taking back phone)
Now, say good-bye you lying piece of shit because I'm letting him go.

Walsh hangs up. The terminal VIBRATES with the SOUND of a JET THUNDERING down. Walsh unlocks the cuffs.

WALSH
May your footsteps be heard in heaven before the devil knows you're gone.

THE DUKE
I don't get it.

(CONTINUED)

269 CONT'D 269

WALSH
I did what I wanted to do. I got you to L.A. before midnight.

The Duke looks deeply at Walsh. A lot is said in the silence.

THE DUKE
I don't know what to say.

WALSH
Don't say anything. Get out of here before I change my mind.

THE DUKE
Thank you.

WALSH
No, John. Thank you.

Walsh turns and starts walking. He gets a few steps towards the door. He stops. Turns. Looks back at the Duke, who's still standing in the terminal. Walsh starts walking back to him with a smile. He takes the Duke's hand. It appears as if he is going to cuff the Duke, again. He does. With his battered Timex.

WALSH
Remember our adventure.

The Duke strokes the watch and smiles.

THE DUKE
I'll treasure it.
(a beat)
I've got a gift for you too, Jack.

The Duke unbuttons his suit jacket. Walsh squints. He's confused. The Duke unbuttons two buttons on his shirt. Reaches underneath. UNSTRAPS something. Pulls out an odd looking belt and hands it to Walsh.

WALSH
What's that?

THE DUKE
When we first met, I was packing to make my getaway because...
(smiling)
...I thought the FBI was closing in. So I took a little traveling money.

It is a money belt. Walsh takes it slowly. He's slow to understand. He opens a compartment. Thousand dollar bills are stacked tightly.

(CONTINUED)

269 CONT'D (2) 269

WALSH
You sonofabitch...

THE DUKE
I told you I had money.

WALSH
I know you had money. I didn't know you had money.

THE DUKE
It's not a pay-off, it's a gift. You already let me go.

Walsh smiles. Wiggles the belt.

WALSH
How much is here?

THE DUKE
In the neighborhood of a three hundred thousand.

WALSH
That's one of my favorite neighborhoods.

THE DUKE
Take care, Jack. If you're ever in Mazatlan...

WALSH
Yeah, John. I'll look you up. Just get rid of that dog of yours.

They shake hands. Walsh turns. Walks out of the terminal quickly. The Duke watches him go, then disappears into another part of the terminal.

270 EXT. WESTERN AIRLINES TERMINAL - NIGHT 270

Money belt in hand, Walsh steps outside. Takes in the night air. He walks past a large clock. It reads 11:15.

WALSH
Forty-five minutes to midnight, Walsh. You would've made it.

Looking like shit, he walks up to the first cab parked at the curb. A CAB DRIVER sits inside.

WALSH
You got change of a thousand?

(CONTINUED)

270 CONT'D 270

CAB DRIVER
Get outta here, you bum!

WALSH
(smiling)
Looks like I'm walking.

MUSIC kicks in.

FADE TO BLACK ROLL CREDITS